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COMMENTARY

CAN BEN GURION RESHAPE ISRAELI POLITICS?

A Victory for the "New Image" Mapai

A. V. SHERMAN

THE Israeli election last month was a spectacular personal triumph for Premier David Ben Gurion, as well for his party, Mapai (the Israel Workers' party). Not only will the party's gain—from 32 to 38 per cent of the vote—more than recoup the losses sustained in the 1955 election; it will enable Ben Gurion to establish a new coalition government in which he will have a freer hand. The victory also strengthens Ben Gurion's hold on his own party, which is just as essential to him if he is to achieve his stated objectives. These include reform of the Israeli electoral system, in order to remove some of the uglier features of Israeli political life (and to insure Mapai's hegemony for years to come); the further transformation of Mapai itself from an old-style Social Democratic party to a modern, national "state party"; and the transfer of leadership to a successor of his own choosing —General Moshe Dayan.

The election campaign provided an instructive demonstration of the "new image" Ben Gurion has fashioned for Mapai. A leading role was played by the "younger generation" personalities whom he brought into the party leadership from the army and from government service, over the heads of the veteran Socialist-Zionist trade union politicians. General Dayan, basking in the prestige of his Sinai victory, exuded the promise of a new, non-partisan, pragmatic approach to Israel's problems. His handshaking, backslapping, "let's sit down and talk it over" visits evoked considerable response in immigrant centers, particularly those whose inhabitants were mostly of Oriental origin. Shimon Peres, who resigned as director general of the Defense Ministry to organize Mapai's election campaign, successfully mobilized support for various party projects among non-party dignitaries, including several leading rabbis. Abba Eban, former Ambassador to the United States and delegate to the United Nations, lent Mapai the prestige of the diplomatic corps, which like the army is esteemed by many Israelis as a symbol of sovereignty and statehood.

Mapai played down socialist ideology and appeals to working class solidarity in its campaign among the general public, though not in its propaganda directed through trade union or industrial channels. The general image Ben Gurion's party presented did not

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differ markedly, *mutatis mutandis*, from the Kemalist type of party in Turkey or the Gaullist one in France. Israel's ruling party was presented as the moving spirit of the nation, embodied in the armed forces, the diplomatic corps, the state machinery, economic administration and development, and even the synagogue—a rather Olympian, "above-party" kind of party. Mapai's rivals, on the other hand, were depicted as narrow coteries of demagogic politicians who were disrupting Mapai's constructive effort purely out of lust for power, selfish concern for sectarian interests, or fanatical adherence to foreign ideologies.

Mapai's success, combined with the setback suffered by the parties of the extreme left (whose share of the vote fell from 20 to 16 per cent), constituted a demonstration of public approval for both the Sinai campaign and Ben Gurion's generally Western-oriented policies, which have enabled Israel to acquire modern armaments and economic aid alike. The left's opposition to the sales of Israeli arms to Western Germany, which led to the breakup of the government coalition this past summer, obviously failed to evoke popular sympathy.

The composition of the new Knesset is, then, more a guarantee that Ben Gurion will be able to carry out his present policies (with less elbow-jogging from the left) than the harbinger of any basic change of direction. The general Western orientation, the search for ties with Afro-Asian powers, and the policy of "dynamic defense" toward the Arab states will continue, while Israel's day-to-day policies will remain reactions to outside stimuli—as they have always been.

The elections marked a turning point in a long struggle on the part of Ben Gurion to consolidate his ascendancy within Mapai and to break the power of the smaller parties to Mapai's left. During the third Knesset (1955-59) Ben Gurion was engaged in a continuous effort to insure the support of his own party for his defense and foreign policies, and to fight off economic demands by the left and sections of Mapai which threatened to undermine the Israeli economy.

Like other Social Democratic governments elsewhere, Mapai's leaders have spent much of their time resisting pressures from their more doctrinaire rank and file, which were exploited within the government coalition by Mapam and Ahdut Avoda, the two "left-wing Socialist" parties. Feeling little real responsibility for the government of the country, these two parties became increasingly doctrinaire and ultramontane, basing their program on concepts of "class struggle" that were anachronistic in a country in which three-quarters of the national income is generated in the public sector, and the remainder is rigidly controlled by the state. They demanded active measures against local capitalists and foreign investors, at a time when Mapai was desperately wooing foreign capital in order to compensate for the anticipated dwindling of domestic investment funds, and was encouraging greater activity in the private sector in order to expand employment and income. They pressed incessantly for rapid wage increases, regardless of productivity, in both public and private sectors—even though in the past few years Israel's per capita incomes rose at one of the highest rates in the world, and even though the left-wing parties' own economists recognized that such wage increases would inevitably lead to inflation, further deterioration in the balance of payments, and the consumption of resources which should be directed toward investments, exports, and debt-servicing. Nevertheless, Mapam and Ahdut Avoda courted popularity by opposing all measures to stabilize wages, improve labor discipline, increase productivity, and streamline the labor force. A typical election pledge was their promise of a "compulsory employment bill," obliging the government to provide regular work at full pay for unemployed and casual laborers; these constitute nearly 10 per cent of the wage- and salary-earning population, and many of them are unskilled new immigrants or hard-core cases.

The foreign policy of the two leftist par-

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ties can best be described as "positive neutralism," similar to Nasser's before his clash with Kassem. They denounced all ties with the West, including the receipt of financial and military aid, though they have always been ready to accept the proceeds of U.S. aid for the kibbutzim and industrial enterprises they own. They continued to claim that by "joining the peace-loving nations" Israel could nullify Soviet hostility. Mapam has also been claiming of late that it could achieve an understanding with Nasser were it not for Ben Gurion's "criminal adventurism." Ahdut Avoda has endeavored to be all things to all men—appearing in some circles as "activists" (proponents of a strong line toward the Arabs), and in other quarters as partisans of peace negotiations with the "Arab Liberation movement."

The local Communist party has always confined itself to the standard Communist propaganda fare, regardless of its relevance to Israel, and to providing a legal front for Arab nationalist activities. Its Arab following was shaken by the disruption of the alliance between Nasser and the Communists throughout the Arab world, and this probably explains the decline in the Israeli Communist vote from almost 5 per cent of the total to less than 3. (Most of the votes lost by the Communist party in the Arab villages apparently went to Mapam.) The real importance of the Israeli Communist party, however, has always been less in its mass appeal than in the pressure it exerts on the other leftist movements for greater militancy.

Whenever Ben Gurion could insure the unreserved support of his own party, he was able to defeat the leftists. But there were other difficulties within Mapai ranks, besides the trade union wing's sympathy with all wage demands, and the susceptibility of some of the more doctrinaire socialists to an infantile leftism in foreign affairs and economics alike. For some years, Ben Gurion's leadership had been contested by a group headed by Moshe Sharett, and during the 1950's this power struggle was expressed mainly over issues of foreign and defense policy.

By 1953, and particularly after the Kibya raid,* Ben Gurion seemed to be losing this struggle, and at the end of that year he found it politic to retire to Sde Boker. There he retained effective control of the armed forces and certain other services, while he prepared his comeback. By mid-1956, he was able to oust Sharett from the Foreign Ministry, effective deputy-leadership of the party and government, and all positions of real power. Planning for the Sinai campaign followed swiftly on Sharett's ouster, but even that victory solved neither of Ben Gurion's two major problems: his lack of a stable Knesset majority, and the tenuousness of his hold on his own party.

Shortly after Sinai, it was rumored that Ben Gurion had designated General Dayan as his "crown prince" and that the latter would soon retire from the armed forces to head Mapai's next election campaign. The choice was significant. Dayan would bring to bear the full prestige of the armed forces and the Sinai victory, as a counterweight to the verbal "activism" displayed by Menachem Begin, the Herut leader, and by Ahdut Avoda's Independence War commanders who had turned politicians like Yigal Alon. Dayan also appeared to be most capable of putting down opposition inside Mapai itself, where Ben Gurion feared that the party-machine men would not only fail to fire the imagination of new generations of voters, but would gravitate back to Sharett and his "safe" foreign policy approach—which Ben Gurion considered catastrophic. The "laying of hands" on Dayan and the obvious grooming of Peres for a leading post in the party and government aroused considerable opposition in Mapai's top and middle echelons, which Ben Gurion, however, was able to overcome before the election—and the results vindicated his position.

*A reprisal raid was undertaken against the Arab village of Kibya in Jordan on October 1953, in which women and children were killed when a building was dynamited. Ben Gurion was fiercely criticized for ordering the raid without consulting the Cabinet.

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In addition to these tactical considerations, Ben Gurion's attempt to fashion a "new image" national state-party stemmed from deeper roots. For one thing, it was increasingly obvious that the old-time Socialist working class propaganda was producing diminishing returns. Manual workers in industry, agriculture, transport, and construction now account for only a minority of gainfully employed Israelis. The majority consist of clerical, professional, and service workers; independent craftsmen, shopkeepers, and other self-employed persons; and cooperative members of one kind or another. In addition, a large sub-proletariat regarded the trade union not as their own "workers'" organization but as merely another form of authority, emanating from the same "they" who rule lesser folk in other ways. The image of the worker, which once had such powerful appeal for Israelis in all walks of life, has thus lost much of its emotive power.

At the same time, there has been progressive disenchantment with the proportional representation system, which has not only prevented Mapai from obtaining the parliamentary majority it would surely obtain under a constituency system, but also has a built-in tendency to encourage splinter parties and extremism. Whereas in the British-style cabinet system, based on two major parties, cabinet members generally belong to the same party and the powers of the Prime Minister are reinforced by party discipline, in Israel cabinet members owe their primary loyalty to their party, rather than to the government or its head. Since the parties have many other interests (in the Jewish Agency, Histadrut agricultural settlements, party-owned economic enterprises, etc.), and since they are constantly sparring for one election or another, the cabinet becomes a battleground for conflicting loyalties, and the major decisions are taken elsewhere.

Only two of the ten parties in the Knesset —Herut and the Communists—have not participated in a coalition government at one time or another since the first Knesset was elected in 1949. Mapai has retained the effective power of decision, thanks to its size, centrist position, and statecraft. The other seven parties have had little power and still less responsibility, and have tended to remain "opposition-minded" whether in or out of office. Of late, the small Progressive party, which seems to be close to accepting "client status" to Mapai, has been an exception to this rule. On the other hand, Mapam and Ahdut Avoda have consistently endeavored to combine the prerogatives of office with the privileges of a "workers' opposition."

Now, the two-party system forces parties to seek the support of a majority of the voters. But the minority parties under the Israeli system, each of which may command anywhere between 2 and 13 per cent of the vote, are more immediately concerned with possible gains or losses of a few points percentage-wise. Such gains or losses could take them into or out of coalitions, win or lose them an extra ministry or assistant ministership, civil service appointments, and various appropriations. A party seeks extra votes under such a system among supporters of those parties which are the closest to it ideologically, and these become its main rivals at election time. In theory every party appeals to the whole electorate; in practice, the main battle is between like parties, a competition in extremism between the parties within each of the three broad groupings: left, right, and clerical.

The four parties of the left, for example—the Communists, Mapam, Ahdut Avoda, and Mapai—are composed of various groups and factions which tend to overlap. Mapam's leaders are wary of being reproached by the Communists for "opportunism" or "bourgeois nationalism." Ahdut Avoda is equally sensitive to accusations of insufficient "militancy" compared with Mapam and the Communists, particularly where living standards and foreign policy are concerned. Mapai leaders in their turn feel Ahdut Avoda breathing down their necks, and will privately admit that they often feel forced to adopt economic policies which they know

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to be wrong "in theory" (as they put it) in order to avoid being "outflanked on the left" by Ahdut Avoda. Similarly the anti-socialist General Zionist party regards Herut as the party most likely to steal its votes, and the Progressives, with whom the General Zionists have many ideas in common but who are closer to Mapai, as the main reservoir from which they might win votes by greater anti-socialist militancy.

Herut, with 13 per cent of the vote, is the second largest party in the Knesset. Heir to the Revisionist movement and the Irgun Zvai Leumi, it has become the main party of protest for the non-left, particularly for sections of the Oriental proletariat and lower middle classes who suffer from a sense of social and cultural frustration. Its foreign policy has oscillated between demands for the reconquest of the whole of Palestine and claims that it would be better able to make peace with the Arabs than Mapai. But its "activism" has lost a good deal of appeal since the Sinai campaign and Dayan's candidacy. Herut's economic program has been eclectic, to say the least. It has denounced socialism while calling for the nationalization of the Histadrut economic empire and while building up a similar economic domain of its own (on a much smaller scale, of course). It has trenchantly criticized mismanagement, misinvestment, the waste of resources and over-bureaucratization—while promising work and higher living standards all around and opposing the occasional measures put forward to remedy the evils it has criticized.

While many Israelis would like to see Herut's capable cadres return to the mainstream of Israeli political life, few take seriously its claim to offer an alternative government. The deep gulf which divides it from Mapai as well as the extreme left seems unlikely to be bridged during the lifetimes of the protagonists, and this, no less than the violence of its tone, explains Herut's inability to gain more than a twelfth of the vote after a dozen years of campaigning on an uninhibitedly opposition platform. Its existence has, however, prevented the emergence of a consolidated conservative party.

It is misleading to use the term "rightist" for the General Zionists. Unlike parties of the European right, the General Zionists completely lack a ruling class background, the national mystique, the tradition of authority, or a sense for power. They have none of the association with the armed forces, diplomatic service, police, universities, civil service, or organized religion which characterize the old right in the countries where it still exists; in Israel, these are associated with Mapai.

Unlike Mapai, Ahdut Avoda, or Herut, the General Zionists have neither generals nor former chiefs of the underground movement among their leaders. Nor does the group which comes closest to being a big bourgeoisie in Israel take the General Zionists seriously. Their main social base has always been in the lower middle class: the Farmers' Federation particularly (the non-Histadrut working farmers who form the backbone of the citrus industry), together with sections of small and medium business, the professions and semi-professions. For the support of these groups, they compete with Herut, the Progressives, the clerical parties, and Mapai itself. In the first years of the state, the general public resentment at Mapai's unworkable "austerity" policies enabled the General Zionists to win nearly 20 per cent of the vote, but they never succeeded in revising their platform to meet subsequent developments. Consequently, they have been on the decline ever since, dropping to 6 per cent at this election.

The General Zionists' slogan of "free enterprise" has proved unattractive to Israelis for a number of reasons. In the first place, they are not the defenders of a status quo as are conservatives in Britain or the United States; they are, rather, an opposition movement which is attacking the established system of state-trade-union socialism in the name of what seems to many Israelis a "foreign" concept. Secondly, whatever might have happened in Israel had a free enterprise party won leadership in the formative years and developed a basically capitalist society, in the present state the majority of the

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voters are integrated into the state economic system in one way or another, employed by or affiliated with the public sector. Nor, indeed, is the residual private sector particularly attracted to the struggle for freer enterprise. The private sector lives largely as a dependency of the state sector, from which it seeks aid to overcome problems caused by the narrowness of the home market, high labor costs, the country's difficult balance-of-payments position and general poverty—all of which affect both sectors equally. The main demands of the General Zionists' potential supporters, therefore, are not greater freedom of enterprise, but a greater share in state import licenses and currency allocations, tariff protection, loans, subsidies, contracts, and monopolies. And of late Mapai, for a number of political and economic reasons, has been trying to nurture the private sector; that has helped leave the General Zionists high and dry.

The clerical parties, which together account for less than a sixth of the total vote, are doomed to remain a permanent minority in Israel. Their support comes from two main sources: diehard militant Orthodoxy, and the complex of patronage and economic interests they have succeeded in building up. Though a comparison of synagogue membership and voting figures reveals that the majority of observant Jews in Israel vote for the secular parties, the clericals are driven to greater intransigence by two factors: their own inter-party competition, and the need to defend their economic interests.

The National Religious party (formerly two rival Mizrahi parties), the largest and more mundane of the clerical groups, looks anxiously over its shoulder at the two Agudist parties (which alternately cooperate, and feud bitterly among themselves). These paragons of Orthodoxy, in turn, keep an anxious eye on the zealot Neturei Karta group, which favors "direct action" as against parliamentary politics and which denounces the Agudists as too conciliatory.

The general instability of government coalitions is particularly intensified by the clerical parties, which are perpetually on the verge of resigning. One of the points stressed by proponents of electoral reform is that a straight constituency, majority-vote system would practically eliminate parties of this kind, which wed fanaticism to patronage. Such a reform would also end the broader situation in which the logic of party competition pulls all the parties away from the center toward extremism.

THE roots of the proportional representation system in Israel, however, lie not so much in abstract political theory as in social and economic arrangements. The public sector now accounts for over three-quarters of the national income—including the lions' share of agriculture, construction, real estate, finance, public utilities and mining, and many branches of manufacturing, transportation, and even wholesale and retail trade. Though nominally the public sector is divided up into government-owned, Histadrut-owned, Jewish Agency, and other segments, in fact it is controlled by the same political parties, which contest government, Histadrut, and Zionist elections alike. The parties of the left and the Progressives participate in all three segments. The National Religious party and General Zionists have somewhat less of a footing in the Histadrut. The Communists, Herut, and the Agudist parties are confined mainly to government elections, though Herut has a certain interest in the National Institutions (Jewish Agency, Jewish National Fund, etc.) from which it receives funds and land grants, while the Communists intermittently enjoy certain rights in the Histadrut. In the case of the Histadrut and National Institutions, all the parties participate in a kind of coalition, with portfolios, funds, and patronage divided up according to the parties' relative strength—the "party key," it is called.

The parties exercise control over ministries, institutions, and enterprises not merely by appointing ministers, directors, trustees, and so on, but by the placement of party cadres in key posts and at many levels—this having been the system used in the Histadrut and Jewish Agency before the state

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was founded. The cadres are moved from one field to another: they may function alternately as government officials, Histadrut economic managers, politicians, trade union organizers, Zionist emissaries, bankers, and so forth. Their primary loyalty belongs to their party, rather than the institution in which they happen to be serving at any particular time.

The cadres coordinate the activities they carry on in the various areas through party committees. For example, the Mapai cadres who meet to discuss joint policy on agricultural settlement may be working variously in the Jewish Agency settlement department (which allocates settlement funds), the Jewish National Fund (which allocates land), the National Water Board, the Jewish Agency Immigrant Absorption Department, the Ministries of Agriculture, Finance, and Labor, the nationally owned Agricultural Bank, the Agricultural Workers' Union, Tnuva (the Histadrut-owned agricultural produce wholesaler), Hamashbir Hamerkazi (the Histadrut-owned wholesale supplier), or in Mapai's own agricultural settlement organizations which, naturally, compete with those of the other parties for limited supplies of land, water, funds and new immigrants.* Similar cadres operate throughout industry, housing, agriculture, finance, labor allocation, and inter-sector economic dealings.

This system has created a vast complex of patronage, whose scope and ramifications would be inconceivable in a private-enterprise society, where the proportion of national income controlled by political parties is limited. Since in Israel the public sector is the main field of employment, the political party has become the main avenue for social and economic mobility. Though the party activist—or *askan*, as he is known in Israel—appears nowhere in employment statistics, Israeli political sociologists have estimated that his is the largest and most rewarding of professions, and may account for 6 to 8 per cent of the labor force.

To large sections of Israeli society, this system, a form of "meritocracy," actually seems preferable to capitalism. But its effects on political and economic life have been disconcerting. The control of enterprises and institutions has become both a prize in the political struggle and a political weapon or strong point, an indispensable source of patronage and funds. Only a fraction of a party's funds come from membership dues; the bulk are siphoned off from economic enterprises, various Jewish Agency allocations, and occasional "voluntary" contributions by the staff of Institutions. Moreover, the number of party officials who are paid directly out of party funds is small; the majority of them draw their salaries from party-controlled enterprises or institutions.

SINCE a party's strength increases with the patronage and funds at its disposal, each party is of course not only tempted to extend its power within existing institutions, but also tries to maximize employment in those it already controls and to create as many new ones as it can, irrespective of economic considerations. This means the creation largely of new office jobs, which require far less capital than more productive enterprises, and which are also in greater demand among the more educated citizens. The ratio of Israelis in white collar, intellectual, and service industries is already abnormally high, as compared to industrial, agricultural, and other "basic" occupations. What is more, though this concentration has historically been deplored in Labor Zionist ideology, there has been little or no improvement during the past eight years. The "iron law of party competition" is largely responsible.

In the first years of the state, the public sector expanded rapidly, thanks to the influx of immigrants, the inflow of funds from abroad, taking over of Mandatory institutions and property and of abandoned Arab property, the establishment of new social

*New immigrants are plentiful *en gros*, but since comparatively few of them are ready for agricultural settlement, and the turnover among those sent to agricultural settlements is high, settlements for new immigrants are chronically undermanned. This is a source of considerable concern to the parties.

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services, and the socialization of fields which formerly were in private hands exclusively. In the past few years, however, the growth of the public sector has been slowing down. Immigration has fallen off (annual net immigration is now less than 1.5 per cent of the population, which is less than natural increase); most of the proceeds of foreign aid and loans are needed to cover current consumption; and the residual private sector leaves considerable less scope for further *Gleichschaltung*.

The minor parties of the left, however, continue to manifest the expansionist tendencies which seem to be innate in most social institutions. Furthermore, the General Zionists, Herut, and the clericals have come to model themselves increasingly on the "public sector parties." In short, all the parties—right, left, and religious—have been eying the lion's share of the public sector held by Mapai ever more hungrily. This has given Israeli politics a rather peculiar cast. For example, though Mapam has disagreed violently with many government decisions on ideological grounds, it has only threatened to leave the coalition over "jurisdictional disputes," in one case over which minister should control the port of Eilat, and in another over a certain chemical combine.

These party socio-economic interests—added to ideological differences, cold war pressures, long-standing personal feuds (in which Israeli political history is surprisingly rich), and the extremism generated by proportional representation—have increased the bitterness and instability of Israeli politics. They have also made the system more difficult to change.

In 1955, in the increasingly critical period initiated by the Soviet arms deal with Egypt, Mapai was at its weakest, having lost ground in the elections held earlier in the year to the parties of the extreme left. Along with differences inside Mapai's leadership, this made it increasingly difficult for Ben Gurion to retain full control of foreign and defense policies as he had been doing in the past—by judicious combinations of appeals to patriotism, economic and religious concessions, and patronage. Ben Gurion attempted first to weld the three Labor Zionist parties into one, hoping thus to curb extremism; but this effort failed. It was then that he raised electoral reform as an issue.

His first effort to pass it through the Knesset was overwhelmingly defeated, as might have been expected. A change-over to constituency elections would, in view of the threefold split in the opposition, have given Mapai an overwhelming majority. Under such a system, Mapam and Ahdut Avoda could hardly hope for more than two seats out of 120; many of their supporters would probably rejoin Mapai, while others would make common cause with the Communists. The clericals could hardly hope for more, and the right-wing parties, even if they made common cause with some religious groups, could not do much better, the distribution of Israeli opinion being what it is. An all-powerful Mapai could then legislate far more boldly for the Jewish Agency and Histadrut, as well as wield its power in the Ministry of Finance with fewer inhibitions. This would not only reduce the other parties' political influence, but would seriously curtail their vested economic interests. And this in turn would deprive them of funds, without which they could not maintain their heavily subsidized headquarters, newspapers, and periodicals (no party periodical in Israel is self-supporting).

But Ben Gurion has set his mind on electoral reform, and his victory at the polls last month will now enable him to concentrate on this objective with his characteristic combination of single-mindedness and tactical virtuosity. His campaign for electoral reform is winning more and more sympathy from public opinion; and it gains even greater urgency from disturbing economic trends, some of which are indirectly traceable to the social consequences of the party system.

One cause of Mapai's election gains was the rapid improvement in living standards

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which has taken place since the 1955 election. Average per capita consumption rose by over one-sixth during this period, and the greater part of the increase took place in 1958 and 1959. Employed wage-earners gained most, thanks to the wage concessions wrung by the left, but most sections of the population prospered to some degree because of the higher level of imports and production. This prosperity has not, however, stemmed from increased productivity—it has been financed by outside aid and borrowing of one kind or another. Barely a fifth of Israel's foreign-currency needs are being met out of exports; the rest are financed by a balance-of-payments deficit which is now running at over $330 million a year—equal to more than a quarter of the gross national product. In addition to the record flow of unrequited aid from abroad (German reparations, German restitutions to Israeli residents, Jewish aid, and U.S. government aid), the Israeli government has had to borrow substantial other sums abroad in order to maintain current production, employment, and income at their present high levels.

The exigencies of Israeli politics have not been conducive to economic efficiency. There is a notable gap between the country's aspirations to Western standards of living and its low levels of productivity, maldistribution of labor and resources, misinvestment, high level of social services, and excessive bureaucracy—not to mention unavoidably high defense expenditures, the paucity of natural resources, and the difficulties occasioned by geography and the Arab boycott. This gap has been bridged by the lavish use of subsidies, open or disguised, which are financed by running a heavy import surplus.

Within the next few years German reparations will have been exhausted and German restitution payments will have tailed off, while Israeli foreign debts will be falling due for repayment, or refunding, in increasing amounts. Official Israeli sources estimate that by the mid-1960's the Treasury will have to find an additional $250 million a year to make good the decline from these sources and provide for normal population growth and a slight annual increase in living standards. (This assumes that Jewish contributions and loans and U.S. government aid remain at their present high levels, and that no large-scale immigration occurs.) If Israel fails to obtain additional funds on this scale, a serious economic crisis is likely to ensue.

For Israel to earn a sum of comparable size by exports, it would have to more than triple its present exports, and this would require radical economic reforms. Price levels would have to be slashed ruthlessly, labor costs reduced (by more than half, according to reliable calculations), inflated payrolls sweated down, government expenditures and taxation reduced. Mapai's economic chiefs have been dwelling on this need for some time—there were aggressive speeches about it early in 1959 by Dayan; the Bank of Israel governor, David Horowitz; and the Minister of Trade and Industry, Pinhas Sapir—but the political obstacles are formidable. During the election campaign, therefore, economic criticism of this kind was avoided, and the Mapai keynote was, "You've never had it so good."

The workers have been led to believe that to be a worker in the land of Israel is a *mitzvah* in itself, which calls for due reward irrespective of productivity, and that the "worker is always right" in labor disputes, whether with private owners or public-sector managers. It is virtually impossible to dismiss a worker or minor official for reasons of either inefficiency or redundancy, and there are automatic pay increases for seniority and family increase, as well as cost-of-living allowances.

The problem is further complicated by what is generally known as "the Oriental question." More than a third of Israel's inhabitants have come from the Moslem countries; because their birth rate is high, they will soon become the majority of the population unless there is massive immigration from Russia or the West, which is not ex-

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pected. The Oriental immigration contains a multitude of unskilled *patres familias* who have large families and little capacity or inclination for hard work even where it is available. Many have acquired the conviction that the state bears entire responsibility for the welfare of their families. There is also, official figures show, an unduly high proportion of old people, social cases, *lumpen* proletarians and juvenile delinquents.

THE lower social, economic, and educational status of the Oriental immigrants has imbued many of them with a sense of grievance, which is being politically exploited. Shortly before the elections, several hundred slum-dwellers of North African origin rioted in Haifa, under the leadership of a compatriot with political ambitions. They overturned cars, stoned police, and smashed shop windows in the "upper town" in a manner which recalled the Arab nationalist riots in their native Casablanca five or six years ago. Though communal-party lists purporting to represent North Africans, Iraqis, Yemenis, and Sephardim polled badly in last month's election (the organizer of the Haifa riots won less than one per cent of the vote), the competition among the major political parties for the vote of the Oriental voter *qua* Oriental was quite discernible.

All the parties in the campaign assured the Oriental that not enough had been done for him, that he was discriminated against, and that, if elected, they would insure him his just deserts. (This, of course, confirmed many Orientals in their sense of grievance.) The parties included members of the Oriental communities on their tickets, in far higher places than they could conceivably have gained on personal merit. Mapai promised, among other things, to house "fifty thousand problem families" of Oriental origin, whose breadwinners still lack regular work; to abolish unemployment among the unskilled Orientals clustered in the urban slums (whence they had drifted from the settlement areas); and to accelerate immigration from the Moslem countries.* All these promises involve heavy expenditures, and are quite incompatible with the task of streamlining the economy and "working toward economic independence," a slogan which all the parties enshrined in their election manifestoes.

The extent to which the "new image" Mapai can and will tackle these pressing economic and social problems remains to be seen. Israel is one of the few "new countries" created in the aftermath of either the First or Second World War which has managed to go a full decade without severely modifying its democratic institutions. The recent election marks a further step in the transformation of the ideas and institutions inherited from Eastern Europe and the British Mandate into something more suitable to the age and to the country's Mediterranean environment. So far, this process of adaptation has taken place in a democratic fashion. Freedom of speech and press have been fully preserved, though the use of economic power for political purposes—control over jobs and housing included—has become a permanent feature of Israeli life. The extent to which Israel can succeed in adapting her free institutions to her changing social framework will depend to a considerable extent on the government's success in tackling the country's major economic problems, while it still has reserves and sources of foreign income to cushion reform. In any case, the "new image" Mapai seems better equipped than the old to deal with these problems.

*Since self-supporting families from Moslem countries can already come in to Israel without difficulty, this promise, if it means anything, signifies that families will be brought in whose immigration has been held up because of minimal selectivity regulations—because they lack a breadwinner under forty or possessing some skills, because they have an undue proportion of old dependents or chronically ill members, etc., etc. This type of immigration has been a constant demand of the North African immigrants' spokesmen, backed by Herut and the National Religious party.

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TIME INC. OFFERS AN IDEOLOGY

Max Ways's "Beyond Survival"

WILLIAM J. NEWMAN

Vigor surges through our own society, through our allies (when last had France this look of hope?), through our enemies, though the "uncommitted" lands that are passionately committing themselves to the future. Yet in the midst of all this energy, the policy of the United States seems to be swirling into an eddy, a dead end. —MAX WAYS, *Beyond Survival*

TIME, the Weekly Newsmagazine, like every good weekly news magazine, is acutely sensitive to both the fears of mankind and the trend of the market. It has therefore now come to realize that, as an ex-editor of *Time* has put it, behind the barbecue pit stands a man deeply troubled by the state of America. Or if he isn't troubled he certainly should be, for after seven years of a Republican administration the United States is weaker than it has ever been before, and certainly than it was in 1952. This admission, that Republicanism has failed by simply wasting the past seven years of American life, is the astounding conclusion which one must draw from the most recent statement of belief by Time Inc. Henry Luce and *Time* are not the *National Review;* they are not rabid or hysterical, and they keep a tight check on their emotions as well as their facts. It is not from the crackpots of either the left or the right that one hears of the collapse of Republicanism. It has come instead from the house organ of Republicanism itself. The accusation is clear: the United States is "swirling into an eddy, a dead end." As Joe McCarthy would say, there has been a betrayal some place. But who has betrayed whom?

The question of guilt—whether Eisenhower betrayed Luce or Luce Eisenhower—can be left to the two gentlemen themselves. To an outsider, Luce's denunciation of the past seven years is disturbing enough just by itself. One had hoped that somebody had been made happy by the Eisenhower administration. And more important, one must agree that while the country is surging with energy, it is, if not swirling into a dead end, at least in a parlous and undirected state.

Naturally, *Time,* being a responsible news magazine, does not parade its disenchantment in its columns. Quite the contrary, as a responsible news magazine it feels the obligation not to frighten unduly or depress the American people as a whole. But Time Inc., behind the cheerful façade of *Time, the Weekly Newsmagazine,* has been doing a lot of thinking and worrying, and now it has gallantly presented the American public with a glimpse of its worries, and what it thinks should be done about them. *Beyond Survival,* by Max Ways, is a book by a lifelong journalist who has occupied various seats of high influence in Time Inc. It is fulsomely recommended by Henry R. Luce —one of the few occasions when the Old Master himself has spoken directly to us. Even more significant is the statement by Mr. Ways that his book first existed in an "early version (intended for internal Time Inc. circulation and not for publication)." In view of these facts one may consider the usual statement that Time Inc. is not responsible for the book as more formal than real. *Beyond Survival* is a product of the thinking of Time Inc., and a very candid

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one too. We should be grateful for the warning it sounds.

Warning is the word. Mr. Ways is so concerned, his anguish is so real, his commitment so deep, that the further one reads in his book the more uneasy one feels. Granted the mishmash of politics and policy under the Eisenhower administration—and who now would not grant it?—must that fact necessarily lead to a rejection of the essence and structure of the American political system? For that conclusion, whether Mr. Ways knows it or not, is the end to which his argument leads. His book is ostensibly about instilling a national purpose into American life; but under that formula some very strange ideas are put forward. Indeed, his ideas about what America must become are so strange that one is inclined to be more scared of Mr. Ways and Time Inc. than of the failure they are trying to remedy.

MR. WAYS, clearly, is convinced that the "problem" of America today goes far beyond the failure of an Eisenhower. Indeed, Mr. Ways prefers not to discuss Eisenhower and his specific policy deeds and misdeeds, not only because *Time* does not (whatever Time Inc. may discuss behind its closed doors), but because the reconstruction of America needs to be an almost total reconstruction—personalities are not, he thinks, the issue. In short, there is no real distinction to be made between Harry S. Truman and Dwight D. Eisenhower.

What is at the root of our drift to a dead end is something Big. It is nothing less than "Part II. The World Situation," certainly a big subject. In fact, one of the problems this book raises is whether Time Inc. does not think *too* big. A little more concrete thought about the hard facts of "the world situation" might have led to some less anguished, and less dangerous, conclusions. But, as Mr. Ways says, we must not indulge in "the modern . . . form of losing The Problem in the problems." Indeed no.

The Problem is the lack of order in the world today owing to technological change. Such a statement is neither original nor precise. But it indicates Mr. Ways's obsession with Order as the be-all and end-all of human existence, and it leads him to the conclusion that if modern technology destroys order it does not destroy the desire for order, which either America or the Communists will satisfy (especially in the backward countries). It is at this point that the issue of national purpose becomes urgent, for in Mr. Ways's view the vacuum left by modern technology in the soul of man must be filled by some purpose or another, ours or Communism's.

The effects of having no national purpose are disastrous. It was because America had no national purpose, Mr. Ways tells us, that the West bickered in China, failed to settle what its basic principles were, and therefore lost the country. "[Bertrand] Russell and (especially) John Dewey contradicted in China the teachings of Christian missionaries, who contradicted one another." John Dewey, it seems, not only ruined *this* country with his pragmatism, but other countries as well. "We stubbornly persist in trying to state the world conflict today in terms of 'the West' *vs.* some opponent, whether Communism or 'the East.' The fundamental action is inside the West itself, a conflict between its essential tradition and the modernist corruption thereof."

How is Mr. Ways's "Quest for Purpose" to be carried on? It cannot be carried on at all if false concepts of political ends are held. Survival as an end is false. So is national interest as an end. Also the doctrine which Charles Burton Marshall has stated —that goals are easy, but getting to the goals is not—is false. Everything is false that does not revolve around national purpose. We are now at the crux of Mr. Ways's argument: there is a vast qualitative difference, he asseverates, between national purpose and mere national policies. He says, speaking of Europe and Latin America, that "national interest . . . will tell us only that they have to be 'held.' The objective of establishing conditions that make for a more orderly and freer political life will give us a better idea of what we have to *do* [sic] in those areas."

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Now the creation of a free and orderly political life in Europe was exactly the whole basis and purpose of the Marshall Plan, a masterpiece of national interest if there ever was one. Certainly no one—least of all Mr. Ways and Time Inc.—would accuse Truman and Marshall of having had a national purpose. Yet a relatively simple and even obvious policy goal turned out to be the most significant act of American foreign policy since 1945, and it did just what Mr. Ways would like to achieve under the inspiration of a national purpose. So far all Mr. Ways has done is to convince us that Charles Burton Marshall was right.

Mr. Ways (and Mr. Luce for that matter) leaves us mystified as to what all the pother over national purpose is about. One is not encouraged when, after trying to prove Daniel J. Boorstin wrong about the uniqueness and incommunicability of American political life, he lamely concludes that "while it is easy to laugh at the 'incommunicable America' theory stated by Boorstin (and partly believed by millions of Americans), it is by no means easy to say what it is that we can and should communicate." And true enough, it proves to be very difficult indeed.

What are the principles which Mr. Ways wants America to communicate? (1) Our political order is derived from the nature of man as derived from "'Nature's God.'" (2) The national government is limited to the federal principle. (3) Judicial review limits the executive and legislature. (4) Natural law sets limits to political action and "enlightens the general direction of action," as well as establishing the obligation to obey. There are some other principles on this general order (ten in all), but they all come to much the same thing.

The trouble is, they don't really come to much. Mr. Ways tries to show that his principles are not high-flown phrases but practical guides to action, telling us what to do next. But he fails. Thus, assuming that one of our national principles is that "no democratic constitution makes sense except as it recognizes its dependence on a natural law," he attempts to show how that belief would dictate our behavior toward Ghana with its rather odd internal politics. His answer is: "Principle prevents us from washing our hands of Ghana's leaders because they may have violated an institution we rightly cherish. Principle also prevents us from accepting Ghana's leaders as they stand." In short, principle doesn't tell us very much.

Is this book a joke? No, *Beyond Survival* is not a joke. The discussion of national purpose may appear to be a farce, but the book as a whole is a disturbing revelation of a set of political attitudes that are destructive of the American constitution and liberal government. Mr. Ways's attitudes toward American politics, the democratic process of politics, his envy of Communism as a more effective system than the American, his suggestions about the necessity of bringing religion into politics, and his hatred for science —all add up to an anti-liberal, anti-democratic politics. All the talk about national purpose is part of a larger pattern of national discipline which Mr. Ways would like to impose on America. Let us be even more blunt. Who is Mr. Ways's and Mr. Luce's current hero? They never tell us his name, but he is easy to spot. For who else today represents national purpose so magnificently as Charles de Gaulle?

How, Mr. Ways, asks, is the national purpose to be achieved? By a dialogue between the President and the public. Will Mr. Ways give Congress a role in that conversation? By no means. For Congress represents division, conflict, irresolution, the very opposites of national purpose. (It is not possible to describe what Mr. Ways thinks of American political parties because they are never discussed; obviously the subject is too painful.) Congress in Mr. Ways's eyes has about the same mean position in national life as the legislatures of France have in de Gaulle's eyes.

The two main formal elements of U.S. policy making are the Congress and the President. Legislatures are most prominent and useful in the formation of foreign policy where the underlying problem is one of composing into a whole separate regional or economic or

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other interests, each with a special stake in foreign policy. The House of Commons was the clearinghouse that struck the balance of commercial and strategic interests for Imperial Britain. This kind of problem has not much to do with the present-day policy formation by the United States because the total of the special interests and pressures is only a minute fraction of the total national foreign responsibility. Any defects in our policy are not likely to be caused by the old-fashioned kind of internally divided interests.

Congress, it seems, is so impotent that it cannot even obstruct effectively. Mr. Ways's discussion of the American governmental system is really exhausted by his remark that since 1945 Congress has, "on the whole," been a "pitiable and somewhat repulsive object." But it can be ignored because the President now has a new way of getting in touch with the public. He is able to communicate with the American people by "acoustics."

"Acoustical" suggests the quality of the true public contribution to policy. Top political leaders cannot hear themselves, cannot develop either confidence or self-criticism except as they apprehend what effect their words and deeds have upon the public. A policy maker does not know quite what he has said at a press conference until he reads the next morning's papers. Public relations, until recently a peripheral function of government, has now taken a much more central position; indeed, it sometimes appears to be the end product of government action even in the field of foreign policy. A leader who gets from the public the right resonance knows he is on the beam; one who does not will mumble and fumble.

Mr. Ways either means Plebiscite Democracy by his fancy phrases or he means nothing.

But Mr. Ways is really less interested in systems of government than he is in metaphysics, and the particular form of metaphysics that grips Mr. Ways's soul is religion. Let there be no mistake: America does not just need religion in politics, it needs a particular religion, Christianity. It is because religion is so necessary to America that Mr. Ways gets angry at those who failed to see that Mr. Dulles really meant every bit of his invocations of God. "The idea of God has to be taken seriously in the politics of these Western societies." In what way? When put to the test, Mr. Ways wanders off again; religion, it seems, will fructify the politics of the United States by making "us convinced that the principles for which we stand are . . . derived from the idea of God." That may seem vague enough to be harmless, but not when it is taken in conjunction with Mr. Ways's praise of the medieval age: "Europe from Charlemagne to Robespierre was an experience of institutions working for order, the longest and most vigorous continuous civilizational epoch of which we know, an age which owed much more to religion, ethics, metaphysics, and politics than it owed to economics or technology." One begins to have visions of a hierarchical society with Papa leading the parade to church. Since the question of national purpose is a moral one, and since, as Mr. Ways primly remarks, "churches are regularly concerned with ethics," the role of churches at least is assured in the national-purpose society, even if nothing else is.

Mr. Ways's interest in religion is not only the result of his sorrowful discovery that the churches, even though their concern is with ethics, "are out of connection with the public philosophy," but also of his overwhelming disgust with the devil he sees everywhere around him. The devil is science and/or positivism and, of course, the French Revolution.

We have not yet got our national purpose, he thinks, because the very possibility of metaphysics has been destroyed by science. "The tendency to ignore all knowledge not formed by the methods of the physical sciences continues to be strong in our own day." The worst thing about science, according to Mr. Ways, is that "it cannot reintegrate knowledge but is potent enough to prevent its reintegration by any other principle or system." It flows naturally from these assumptions that science is the cause of all our troubles. Not economics ("which . . . never worked more successfully"), or weap-

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ons, or human greed, but science. The positivist is against faith, and he tries to establish a creed in which faith is unnecessary. Therefore he and his creed, science, destroy national faith. Comment on such gimcrack thinking is superfluous.

But Mr. Ways's book finds its climax in his discussion of Communism and the Russian Communists. One is perhaps not surprised at his unhappiness over the failure of American society; one is surprised that a man of his persuasions should say what he says in praise of Communism. Considered functionally—and that is the main way he considers it—Communism, we are told, "seems to be working better than our public philosophy." Certainly it works better than positivism and/or science, for "from top to bottom Marxism is pervaded by a sense of respect for the unity of truth, the idea that any two valid propositions must be capable of some kind of harmony." (Evidently at Time Inc. nothing *does* succeed like success.) The efficacy of wholeness is what the Soviet Union has and what we, thanks to science, do not have. And above all and beyond all, Marxism prevents the Communist from losing The Problem in the problems!

The reason for all this praise is, of course, the need to explain how the Communist system works so well when according to the capitalist creed it should not work at all. "The evidence—especially the recent evidence—indicated that the capitalist institutions of the Soviet Union are working at a level of efficiency and a rate of progress comparable to that of the West. How explain the contradictory evidence?" The answer is clear. Just as Pope Pius XII tried to connect moral purpose to work, Mr. Ways says, so do the Communists. The difference is that the Communists are more successful. Their success extends to the whole realm of public order: Communism, thanks to its public philosophy, has developed "law of a sort, law that rests upon a Marxist ethic. . . ."

Enough. Mr. Ways has written and Mr. Luce has sponsored a book which is careless in its discussion and haphazard in its thought. No doubt Mr. Luce and Mr. Ways are serious in their intentions, but they have not been serious enough to think hard. In the last analysis such criticism is irrelevant, for these idealogues are not concerned whether their thought is slipshod or not. The end is all. And while the end which Mr. Ways and Mr. Luce postulate may be an impossible one in present-day America, and may therefore merely demonstrate the futility and irrelevancy of Time Inc. and its ideology, the matter is nevertheless important.

First, because all the talk about national purpose acts as a cover-up for the policy failures and problems we face. It leads the American public—and Mr. Luce—to ignore the concrete facts of our situation. Time Inc. may despise Eisenhower for his failures, but it must at the same time protect him from the effects of his failures. Second, *Beyond Survival* reveals such an appalling bankruptcy of ideas among the respectable American right wing that one is fearful for a nation in which men of influence are so far out of touch with reality and clear thinking. De Gaullism in America! Acoustical engineering in place of Congress! Plebiscite democracy in place of political parties! Metaphysics in place of science! And the imitation of Communism as a method of politics and strategy! (The way the French colonels did in Algeria, say?)

THE question of national purpose might appear to be a real issue. It is something, after all, which bothers many people who wish to have no truck with Mr. Ways's metaphysics. One can hardly be against purpose; obviously, purpose and a sense of direction are essential to human existence and therefore, presumably, to the existence of a nation. But such truisms do not dispose of the question: how can a *nation* have a *purpose?* It may, with considerable effort, make decisions which become policies. But this vague, long-term thing called a purpose! An individual's purpose is cloudy, distant, abstract, and is often neglected for long periods of time; one dreads to think what would be

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the result of trying to fasten a purpose on a nation. If it is difficult for an individual to keep his mind on his purpose and keep it operative, then how much more so for 170,000,000 persons. And especially for a nation conceived in *liberty!*

Leaving aside the possibility that America in fact does have a national purpose which is based on the buying and selling of what G. B. Shaw once called "illth," and which has made Time Inc. so prosperous, one must look at the accusation that American politics, in both the domestic and foreign fields, is in a slough of inaction and/or inconsequential, wayward action. The point is, say Time Inc. and the national-purpose advocates, that that is politics for you. It is politics which is meaningless, not the wide boys of Mad. Av. It is necessary, therefore, to instill some backbone, some drive, some steam and push, some purpose into our disorderly political system. And, cries Mr. Ways, I have the way to do it!

The accusation claims nothing less than that the American political system is incapable of solving the problems we must face today because it cannot provide (Mr. Ways's version of) national purpose. When we consider the book as a whole, and Mr. Luce's specific rejection (in the foreword) of pluralism as a tolerable system for America, we can know what national purpose means today for those who would thrust it upon us. It means *One* Ideology. One ideology for the whole country. An ideological *framework* (or strait jacket) would *firm up* the American nation and give us a sense of *drive*, of *movement*.

But is One Big Ideology the only interpretation of national purpose which is possible? Perhaps there is another sense of national purpose which is not quite so feverish and so destructive of American democracy and the American political system and which that system can produce.

That America can make decisions without an ideology is demonstrated by the facts of American history no more recent than the years 1948-49, when the Marshall Plan and NATO came into being. They came into being not by ideology leading to consensus and then to action, but by argument leading to consensus and then to action. But who started the argument? The Executive. With whom did the Executive argue? Congress. But, the national-purpose boys cry, those were emergency years, and the problem is that America cannot act *today* in the emergency which it faces because the American political system no longer works.

Is it true that what is needed today cannot be produced by the American political system, but requires national purpose plus acoustical engineering and all that that implies? Mr. Ways never tells us what it is about the American political system which is blocking action. What has changed in the last seven years to make the Eisenhowers (*and* the Lyndon Johnsons) the controllers of our fate? Certainly something has happened to make masterly inaction a policy of the American government. But that something is not to be cured by ideology. An emergency exists only when it is recognized; to paraphrase, a problem must not only exist but must be seen to exist. Does America face an emergency in regard to, say, India? American schools? Of course. But it will not become a public fact until it is *made* a public fact. Today there is no recognition of crisis or emergency because the leaders of both parties refuse to drag problems into the light of day and examine them *without regard* to ideologies. Is there a need for Federal aid to schools, including universities? Of course. What do the fragments of ideology which both parties possess tell us about Federal aid to schools? That it is a sin and a crime. The question is therefore not examined.

Further, once the problem and its various answers are revealed, then somebody must make an *issue* out of them. When that is done then the national purpose that Mr. Ways so much desiderates will be formed in regard to at least one problem. There is no formation of national purpose (if you like) today precisely because America's problems do not exist as really live questions in the mind of the government, party

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leaders, and especially the executive branch of the government. Or if they are questions in their minds, they keep them to themselves.

The American governmental system is not, therefore, being used as it can and should be used. Liberal government in general, and the American government in particular, is a problem-solving device. But it is not an automatic problem-solving device, because no government is automatic. Even an electronic computer has to have the problem fed into it. Liberal government needs someone to bring up the issues. It needs more than that, but it needs at least that. It has been pointed out by the Mad. Av. boys that the "New Ike" can get things done when he wants to. Exactly. But he doesn't seem to want to; or he prefers vetoes to Development Loan Funds. The executive branch of the government is potent. It does not need acoustical engineering, partly because it has it (the name of the acoustical engineer is James Hagerty), but mainly because acoustical engineering is of no use if all that comes from it is a petulant squeak now and then. ("Mr. Hagerty . . . said today that the President wanted him to repeat . . . that he was getting sick and tired of the steel strike.") The immense powers of the Executive do not need enumeration here. Those powers will shrivel, of course, if they are used to preach metaphysics. But if they are used to talk about schools, say, and the talk is followed by action, by a legislative program, then the President, the public, *and* Congress can indulge in debate. Then the old Republic would rock with clamor and the sounds of outrage and hosannas. An issue would have been raised, solutions would be in sight.

But the trouble is, who wants to raise an issue? Issues divide the nation. Everybody knows that. What we need is unity. Like the French today. But unfortunately for the advocates of One Ideology, the Republic is predicated on the assumption that issues will be raised. The tired old belief that issues are bad for the public health is hokum. Conflict is *good* for the public health. Lewis Coser has written as follows in his book *The Functions of Social Conflict:*

> Internal social conflicts which concern goals, values or interests that do not contradict the basic assumptions upon which the relationship is founded tend to be positively functional for the social structure. . . . A flexible society benefits from conflict because such behavior, by helping to create and modify norms, assures its continuance under changed conditions. Such mechanism for readjustment of norms is hardly available to rigid systems: by suppressing conflict, the latter smother a useful warning signal, thereby maximizing the danger of catastrophic breakdown.

If ever a nation needed a "readjustment of norms" it is America in 1959 and 1960.

The failures of the last seven years have not come about because the machinery of liberal government is inadequate, but because it has had nothing to work on. President Eisenhower, working closely with his colleague Lyndon Johnson, has devoted his energies to blanketing the problems we face. Senator Johnson prefers to act as a shunter of bills; national needs are not for him. President Eisenhower sees financial orthodoxy as the purpose of his administration. But why blame individuals? Other nations in the West are on the same binge of unity-at-any-price. The British have returned to their old weakness and voted for a figure straight out of Max Beerbohm. Who wants to argue when You Have Never Had It So Good? As for the French, they got unity-at-any-price, and what a price!

Does Mr. Ways wish to talk about The Problem? Very well. The Problem is the failure of both parties to look at the problems which face America today. Is it necessary to destroy the American system of government and then erect national purpose on its ruins in order to get action today? If so, we are not swirling toward a dead end; we have reached it. But the contrary is true. One Ideology would smother the issues we face even more effectively than is being done today. For then debate would be at an end —for a long time. Ideology is faith, something believed, not the start of a debate.

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That is why America has stayed away from it. Hannah Arendt has this to say about the meaning of ideology:

> In their claim to total explanation, ideologies have the tendency to explain not what is, but what becomes, what is born and passes away. . . . The claim to total explanation promises to explain all historical happenings, the total explanation of the past, the total knowledge of the present, and the reliable prediction of the future. . . . In this capacity ideological thinking becomes independent of all experience from which it cannot learn anything new even if it is just a question of something that has just come to pass. Ideological thinking orders facts into an absolutely logical procedure which starts from an axiomatically accepted premise, deducing everything else from it; that is, it proceeds with a consistency that exists nowhere in the realm of reality.

What Mr. Ways and Mr. Luce have written is not only foolish; it is also incompatible with the American system of politics and government. Our government is one within which debate can and *must* take place. It exists not to provide a metaphysics, but the means for men to find agreement on specific issues when they initially have none. That is why we have all the paraphernalia of the constitution; it assures the maximum amount of debate. Too much debate? At times, perhaps.

The common purpose which results from debate on specific problems is not an ideological commitment; ideology and the American government system are at opposite poles. Instead, it produces something much less grandiose—agreement. Disgruntled agreement no doubt, but still agreement; we are dealing with men, not angels. The agreement is on issues, and the issues come either from the President or the force of circumstances. In the latter case, a clear-cut crisis exists and the machinery begins to grind. But need one wait? The President has an executive branch with eyes, ears, a mind; he has his own will to make decisions.

To ask an end to issues is to wish to destroy the political and constitutional system of America. Since the avoidance of issues is what has been systematically pursued in the last seven years by the leadership of both parties and by such organs of public opinion as Time Inc., it comes as a shock to be told we must now substitute national purpose for a political system our leaders neither understand nor—one fears—want to understand. The avoidance of concrete issues in *Beyond Survival* is no accident, for the national-purpose boys are not really interested in issues at all, but simply in an abstraction which they call Order. If they have anything concrete to propose, let them propose it and then the debate can begin.

In fact, all the talk about national purpose is fantasy: do Time Inc. and Mr. Luce really expect the American people to be badgered into one or even several ideologies? But what can happen and *has* happened is that those who seek to avoid issues and conflict on the real problems we face can use their powerful influence to soothe and reassure the American public so that decisions will be ever more difficult to come by. The doctrine of national purpose is one more drug, following hard on the heels of the quiz shows.

Behind the ideal of One Ideology, behind the conviction that we must not lose the Problem in the problems, lies the old and futile desire to close off the future with all its unexpected dangers and contingencies, by enclosing it, by fixing it, in an ideology. Opposed to that aim is the liberal American system of government which is *open* to the future because it provides a method of debate, a means of decision, on issues which are issues exactly because they are unexpected.

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LABOR UNIONS AND THE NEGRO

The Record of Discrimination

HERBERT HILL

THE removal of the sanction of law from racial segregation has sharply posed the issue of the Negro's status in virtually every area of American life. As much as the public schools, religious organizations, and business firms, the labor movement is on trial today. For labor's democratic ideals are in serious conflict with a tradition of racial discrimination in the unions that is currently very much alive.

To some degree, union discrimination simply reflects the racial and religious prejudices among union members—prejudices that many unionists share with other prejudiced persons. Thus recently in the North, groups of white workers participated in violence against Negroes at Trumbull Park in Chicago and at Levittown, Pennsylvania. And in the South, workers have given considerable support to the White Citizens Councils and other groups seeking to perpetuate segregated institutions.

But trade union discrimination against the Negro is something more than the simple result of rank-and-file prejudices. To understand this one must make a distinction, in the history of the American labor movement, between economic and non-economic liberalism. Organized labor's struggle for the right to bargain collectively, unemployment insurance, and minimum wage laws was a central part of the liberal program. But in non-economic matters—in such areas as civil liberties for political dissidents, and equality of opportunity for racial minorities—the practices of many important labor unions can hardly be described as liberal. Many unions have a long history of racial discrimination—and it is this tradition of discrimination which is responsible, at least in part, for the marginal status that Negro wage earners have today in key sectors of the American economy.

Today, as in the past, there is a profound disparity between the public image presented by the national AFL-CIO, with its professed devotion to racial equality, and the day-to-day experience of many Negro workers, in the North as well as the South, with individual unions. To be sure, there are important exceptions, particularly in the mass-production industries, where a large concentration of Negro workers actually preceded unionization. Such unions as the United Automobile Workers, the United Packinghouse Workers, and the Rubber Workers Union have conscientiously worked to eradicate institutionalized job bias. Nevertheless, the Negro is discriminated against by unions in major areas of the economy—including the building and construction trades (International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Plumbers Union, Carpenters Union, Operating Engineers, etc.), the railroad industry (the four "operating" railroad brotherhoods, and the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks), the metal crafts (the Boilermakers, Iron Ship Builders Union, etc.), and pulp and paper manufacturing (Pulp, Sulphite, and Paper Mill Workers Union, United Papermakers and Paperworkers Union). In these and other industries, trade unions practice either total exclusion of the Negro, segregation (in the form of "Jim Crow" locals, or "auxiliaries"), or enforce separate, racial seniority lines

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which limit Negro employment to menial and unskilled classifications.

THE Negro worker's historical experience with organized labor has not been a happy one. In the South, unions frequently acted to force Negroes out of jobs that had formerly been considered theirs. Before the Civil War, Negroes had been carpenters, bricklayers, painters, blacksmiths, harness-makers, tailors, and shoemakers. However, in urban centers like New Orleans, the historian Charles B. Rousseve observed in *The Negro in Louisiana,* "the Negro who in ante-bellum days performed all types of labor, skilled and unskilled, found himself gradually almost eliminated from the various trades." Unionization in the South often led to the redesignating of "Negro jobs" as "white man's work," and even to excluding Negroes from entire industries.

In the North, unions were stronger at an earlier period, especially among the craft occupations. But, as Gunnar Myrdal stated in *An American Dilemma,* "most of the time they effectively kept Negroes out of skilled work." The fact, Myrdal continued, "that the American Federation of Labor as such is officially against racial discrimination does not mean much. The Federation has never done anything to check racial discrimination exercised by its member organizations."

The AFL's failure to organize the Negro worker and to accord him full brotherhood within the union ranks was not a policy born of necessity. The old Knights of Labor, the International Workers of the World, and (much later) industrial unions in the Congress of Industrial Organizations were able to organize Negro and white workers together, in the North and in the South; whereas the early AFL attacked the organizing activities of the Knights of Labor among unskilled and Negro workers.

To be sure, the AFL executive council stated, shortly after the organization's founding, that a union that draws the color line "cannot be admitted into affiliation to this body." But soon afterward, in 1899, the AFL admitted the International Association of Machinists, then a rigid "lily-white" organization. And the traditional hostility of the AFL leaders to immigration--particularly Asian immigration--fostered a veritable racist ideology. At the 1901 convention of the AFL, the Resolutions Committee denounced the Chinese as "people of vice and sexual immorality" who were of "inferior social standards." Samuel Gompers, president of the AFL, observed that the "Negro slaves of the South were as a race kind and faithful," but the "Chinese as a race are cruel and treacherous." In his memoir, *Seventy Years of Life and Labor,* Gompers later expressed his belief in "the principle that maintenance of the nation depended upon maintenance of racial purity." He also recalled his vigorous support for Mayor E. Z. Schmitz of San Francisco, "a labor candidate and elected on a labor platform [who] began the work of segregating Japanese children from white children in the public schools."*

Throughout the Gompers period, the AFL continued to uphold a racist position. In 1914, it demanded that "all races native to Asia" be excluded permanently from the United States, declaring that "the racial incompatibility as between the peoples of the Orient and the United States presents a problem of race preservation which . . . can only be effectively solved by a policy of exclusion." The AFL under Gompers worked to halt immigration from Eastern Europe as well. It believed that the flood of immigrants (among whom were those fleeing the tyranny of the Russian Czar and the anti-Jewish pogroms) threatened both labor standards and "racial purity."

Gompers also criticized American Negroes for allowing themselves to be used by employers as "cheap men." He urged Negroes to "form colored workers' unions"; the AFL, he wrote, "does not necessarily proclaim that

*In the May 1905 issue of the *American Federationist,* Gompers referred to Sen Katyama, a well-known Japanese Socialist then visiting the United States, and an intellectual of considerable cultivation, as a "presumptuous Jap" with a "leprous mouth whose utterances show this mongrel's perverseness, ignorance, and maliciousness. . . ."

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the social barriers which exist between the whites and the blacks could be or should be obliterated. . . ." And he warned that "if the colored man continues to lend himself to the work of tearing down what the white man has built up, a race hatred far worse than any ever known will result. Caucasian civilization will serve notice that its uplifting process is not to be interfered with in any way."

Professor Marc Karson of Southern Illinois University, in his valuable book *American Labor Unions in Politics, 1900-18*, has summarized the results of Gompers' attitudes: "There was no evidence that the federation leadership in the first half of the 20th century gave more than occasional lip-service opposition to racial discrimination within the union movement. After 1900, in cases where Negro workers were refused admission to an affiliated AFL union, the federation adopted a policy of organizing them into separate locals or directly affiliated 'federal' labor unions." This policy was sanctioned by Article XI, Section VI of the AFL Constitution, which read: "Separate charters will be issued to central labor unions, local unions, federal labor unions, composed exclusively of colored members, where in the judgment of the Executive Council it appears advisable and to the best interests of the trade union movement to do so."

IN THE early years of this century, the hostile feeling toward Negroes in American trade unions often led to racial and ethnic violence. In the tragic East St. Louis race riots of July 1917, trade union provocation was a major factor.

When workers at the Aluminum Ore Company went on strike, the firm brought up a small number of Negroes from the Deep South to be used as strikebreakers. In response, the local AFL leaders provoked a veritable hysteria of race hatred. Finally, raging fires on July 2, 1917 engulfed the entire Negro residential district of East St. Louis, destroying $7,000,000 worth of property, driving 10,000 colored persons from their homes, and ending in the death of more than two hundred Negroes and eight whites.

About a month before the riots, Edward F. Mason, secretary of the East St. Louis AFL Central Trades & Labor Union, called on union members to march to City Hall on May 28, 1917, to demand a halt to "the importation" of Negroes. "The immigration of the Southern Negro into our city," Mason stated, "for the past eight months has reached a point where drastic action must be taken. . . . On next Monday evening the entire body of delegates to the Central Trades and Labor Union will call upon the Mayor and the City Council and demand that they take some action to retard this growing menace and . . . get rid of a certain portion of those who are already here."

Richard L. Stokes, in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (July 8, 1917), reported that on the night of the march on City Hall, "some of the [union] leaders made speeches advising that in case the authorities took no action, they should resort to mob law." And immediately after the May 28 meeting, there began a series of sporadic violent attacks against Negroes which culminated in the holocaust a few weeks later.

John T. Stewart reported the fires and riots in the St. Louis *Star* for July 3: "Negroes were 'flushed' from the burning houses, and ran for their lives, screaming and begging for mercy. . . . Rioters formed in gangs and trooped through the streets, chasing Negroes. They stood around in groups, laughing and jeering while they witnessed the final writhings of the terror and pain-racked wretches who crawled to the streets to die after their flesh had been cooked in their own homes. . . ."

Shortly after the riots, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* quoted the opinion of City Clerk Whelan, president of the Central Trades & Labor Union of East St. Louis. "Before the tenseness of this situation is relieved," said Whelan, "these employers must convince the laboring whites that they will be given preference over imported blacks in applying for work. . . ."

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Special investigators for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People later reported that "by all accounts of eye-witnesses, both white and black, the East St. Louis outrage was deliberately planned and executed." As for the excuse offered by the unions, William English Walling, a highly respected liberal journalist and reformer, noted in a telegram to President Wilson: "The pretext of labor invasion from the South is invalid."

AFL President Gompers, however, attempted to defend the rioters, in response to a sharp attack on them by former President Theodore Roosevelt. At a meeting held at Carnegie Hall in New York City, welcoming envoys from the new Russian Provisional government, Roosevelt (according to the New York *Herald*) heatedly condemned the riot, "for which, so far as we can see, there was no justification and no provocation, and which was waged with such appalling fatality as to leave an indelible stigma upon the American name." Gompers rose to excuse the rioters, on the grounds that the capitalists of East St. Louis had been "luring colored men into that city to supplant white labor." Roosevelt would not be put off. "Justice with me is not a mere form of words," he shouted. "In the past I have had to listen too often to the same kind of apologies for the murders committed against the Armenians and the Jews. . . . I say to you, sir, that there can be no justification, no apology for such gross atrocities. . . ."

FEW union officials today would dare speak out as bluntly as Gompers did half a century ago. The new era of public relations in the AFL began in the 1920's under the leadership of benign William Green, who occasionally spoke against racism but did nothing to curb it in the AFL. The Negro had established his first beachheads in industry during World War I, but most AFL unions still practiced a rigorous exclusionist policy throughout the 1920's. In some instances still, Negroes were able to enter industry only when employers hired them as strikebreakers.* In other industries, predominantly those employing mass production methods, the Negro was able to gain a modest foothold because the craft-proud AFL would not organize them. But the limited gains of the Negroes in the 20's were destroyed during the Depression, largely because the AFL had not extended union protection to the Negro in the earlier period. As late as 1933, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, with 35,000 members, had almost half the total number of Negro members in the AFL.

As a result of pressure by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the AFL's 1934 convention passed a resolution authorizing a "Committee of Five to Investigate the Conditions of Negro Workers." Green called a meeting of the committee in Washington in 1935, at which the NAACP was represented by its Chief Counsel, Charles H. Houston. The latter reported that signed statements of specific acts of racial discrimination by AFL affiliates were being collected by NAACP branches throughout the country for presentation at subsequent hearings. But Green soon afterward notified the NAACP that no more hearings would be held, since the first Washington hearing had gathered "sufficient information."

John Brophy, of the Mine Workers Union, who was secretary of the Committee of Five, resigned in protest. "The maneuvering," said Brophy, "on the part of the Executive Council plainly indicated that you wanted the 'Committee of Five to Investigate Conditions of Negro Workers' to be merely a face-saving device for the AFL rather than an honest attempt to find a so-

*According to the Inter-Church Commission of Inquiry into the 1919 Steel Strike: "It is evident that the great numbers of Negroes who flowed into the Chicago and Pittsburgh plants were conscious of strikebreaking. For this attitude, the steel strikers rightly blamed American organized labor. . . . Through many an experience Negroes came to believe that the only way they could break into a unionized industry was through strikebreaking." This was also a factor in the terrible Chicago race riots of 1919 and in other racial disturbances of that period.

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lution to the Negro problem in the American labor movement."

"Internal autonomy" was the excuse Green offered in a later case involving the New York local of the Motion Pictures Operators Union, which restricted colored workers to a small number of Harlem theaters and forced them to accept low-paying jobs. Green, in response to an appeal from the NAACP, said it was impossible for the AFL to interfere in the internal affairs of affiliated unions. This plea of autonomy is often invoked even today.

In 1939, the AFL organized shipyard workers in the Tampa (Florida) shipbuilding industry. Prior to unionization, some 600 semi-skilled and skilled Negroes had worked in the Tampa yards. As soon as the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers was recognized as the bargaining agent, however, the Negro workers were forced out of their jobs by the union's exclusionist policy. Green made an ineffectual gesture toward an investigation, but the 600 Negro workers were still kept out of their old jobs. The same thing happened soon afterward at the New Orleans shipyards and at the Boeing Aircraft Plant in Seattle, where the International Association of Machinists was empowered to bargain collectively. Nevertheless, in 1940, before the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters' convention, Green asserted—without a blush—that "so long as I can express myself, I shall fight against racial intolerance and hatred in America."

In 1941, the Federation rejected resolutions, introduced by A. Philip Randolph and Milton P. Webster of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, condemning auxiliary "Jim Crow" locals, exclusion of Negroes, and other discriminatory practices of AFL affiliates. At the 1944 convention, when twenty-two international unions still barred Negroes from membership by constitutional provision, John P. Frey, secretary of the Resolutions committee, defended the AFL's policies in these terms: "I am familiar with the South. I spent many years there as an organizer and otherwise, and I know that in some of the denominations the whites go to their church and the colored go to their church buildings, of the same denominations. They get along as Christians should. In fact, the colored members prefer to have the privilege of employing and discharging their own pastors."

This basic AFL attitude continued after the end of the Second World War. The 1946 AFL convention defeated resolutions aimed at ending the system of "Jim Crow" auxiliary locals. In 1949, a resolution endorsing federal Fair Employment Practices legislation passed only after delegates deleted the words "and labor unions" from a motion, calling for the "elimination of discrimination in industry and labor unions based upon race, color, religion, national origin or ancestry. . . ."

DISCRIMINATION has traditionally been most severe in the AFL building trades unions and the powerful railroad brotherhoods. The result of this today is that when the colored worker is forced out of the railroad industry, where employment is diminishing, he is prevented from finding employment in the construction industry, where the job market has been rapidly expanding.

Fifty years ago Negro firemen, brakemen, and switchmen worked on all the Southern and Southwestern railroads. As late as 1920, there were 6,595 Negro firemen, and a total of 8,275 Negro brakemen, switchmen, flagmen, and yardmen. In 1940, the number of firemen had dwindled to 2,263 and the other job categories to 2,739. Today's Negro employment figures in these highly skilled, well-paid railroad jobs are much lower, for there has been virtually no hiring of Negro replacements as the older workers have retired or died.

The efforts of the four railway brotherhoods to keep Negroes out date back to the 1890's at least. In 1909, the Firemen's Brotherhood staged a violent strike against Negro firemen on the Georgia railroad, demanding their replacement by white men. In 1890, the Trainmen and the Conductors negotiated what is called the "Washington

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Agreement" with most of the Southeastern railroads; this provided that Negroes were not to be employed as baggagemen, flagmen, or yard foremen. A similar agreement was concluded with the Mississippi Valley railroads in 1911.

During World War II, the Federal Fair Employment Practices Commission was able to crack discriminatory patterns in several major industries, but it could not budge the railroad brotherhoods. The FEPC formally charged that the unions had clauses in their constitutions excluding Negroes from membership, and also cited hostile acts by the unions against the remaining Negro train and engine service workers. The brotherhoods simply ignored the charges. The FEPC held a four-day hearing in Washington in September 1943, charging the railroad unions with impeding the war effort; the unions simply refused to attend. The FEPC ordered the carriers and the unions to cease and desist their discriminatory practices; neither obeyed the order. Instead, both preferred charges against the FEPC before the Smith Committee of the House of Representatives and hinted at a work stoppage (in wartime) if the government insisted on an end to discrimination.

Where they do work on the rail lines today, Negro employees are denied proper job classifications, seniority rights, and wages. During World War II, the FEPC tried to determine the difference between a steward and a waiter-in-charge in dining cars; it finally concluded that the only difference was that the (white) steward wore a black coat, while the (Negro) waiter-in-charge wore a white coat and was paid half the steward's wages. Today, when the Pullman company places a Negro in charge of a sleeping car, it calls him a "porter-in-charge" instead of a Pullman conductor, thereby saving a substantial amount on his wages.

Because of these discriminatory practices, Negro railway workers formed their own union organizations and turned to the courts for protection. In 1948, seven all-Negro rail unions banded together into the Negro Railway Labor Executive Committee, which brought many cases to the Federal courts on behalf of colored railway workers. In the Steele and Tunstall cases, the U. S. Supreme Court decided that a majority union cannot, under the Railway Labor Act, make contracts and discriminate against nonmember minority groups. The principle established by this decision is all that stands in the way of total extinction for the Negro railroad worker.

But the American Federation of Labor and the railroad brotherhoods were never able to hold the fate of America's working people, white or colored, in their unchallenged control. The phenomenal success of union organization in major manufacturing centers across the country in 1937 and 1938 was not limited to white industrial workers. In the early Congress of Industrial Organizations, for the first time in American labor history, tens of thousands of American Negroes became union members.

In the great sit-down strikes involving entire industries, Negroes were placed on organizing committees, appointed as picket captains, and participated in the local union leadership. Even in the South, though organizers were kidnapped, clubbed, tarred and feathered, and a few lost their lives, the CIO was able to organize important numbers of white and Negro workers in the same unions.

The CIO record in race relations toward the end of its years as a separate organization did not always fulfill the bright promise of its early days. In some Southern plants, rigid patterns of job discrimination were established based on separate racial lines of advancement, limiting all Negroes, however well qualified, to menial job classifications, and denying them equal seniority rights. Nevertheless, the rise of the CIO was a great step forward for tens of thousands of colored and white workers alike.

At the merger convention of AFL and CIO in 1955, a constitutional provision was adopted declaring that "all workers without regard to race, creed, color, national origin or ancestry shall share equally in the full

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benefits of union organization." In both North and South, however, racial discrimination and segregation have continued in the merged labor movement.

In addition to the Brotherhood of Firemen and Enginemen, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and the Airline Pilots Association, which still exclude Negroes by constitutional provision, a number of important international unions continue to exclude them by tacit consent. Many other AFL-CIO unions limit Negro membership to segregated or "auxiliary" locals. Others negotiate contracts which contain separate lines of promotion and seniority for whites and Negroes, thus barring Negroes from skilled and supervisory jobs.

The Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, which maintains many segregated local lodges in Northern cities as well as in the South, is a good illustration of the current pattern of discrimination. In this union, as in others, the existence of segregated locals and separate seniority rosters frequently limits job mobility and violates the seniority rights of Negro union members. The union has persisted in its racist practices despite repeated protests. On April 30, 1957, the New York State Commission Against Discrimination ordered the merger of the "lily-white" George M. Harrison Lodge (Lodge 783) and the all-Negro Friendship Lodge (Lodge 6118). The white union refused to comply; the locals remain segregated to this day. Similar situations exist in Chicago, where Negro workers are in segregated local Lodge 6132; in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in Lodge 6257*; and in East St. Louis and St. Louis, where there are fourteen all-colored local lodges and fourteen all-white lodges together with segregated joint councils. The practice of segregation is so well institutionalized in this union that the designation of the Negro lodges begins with the numeral "6." In Minneapolis, Lodge 364 of the Railway Clerks refused for a year to accept a single Negro into membership; it finally did so only after the Minnesota Fair Employment Practices Commission had threatened to use its full penal powers. Ironically, the president of the Railway Clerks, George M. Harrison, is a member of the Civil Rights Committee of the AFL-CIO and a Federation vice president.

Discrimination also exists in some important mass production industries, organized by industrial unions. For example, the United Brotherhood of Papermakers and Paperworkers Union and the International Brotherhood of Pulp, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers operate segregated locals in more than forty major pulp and paper mills; Negro employment is limited to menial and unskilled classifications by separate, racial seniority lines of progression in virtually all unionized pulp and paper mills. These are "necessary," the union representative will hasten to explain, to prevent a Negro from "supervising white men."

THE building trades, as always, remain the citadel of anti-Negro discrimination. Addressing a conference of Negro trade unionists in Detroit on February 7, A. Philip Randolph declared that "racial discrimination is practiced by building trades unions in practically every community of the country, varying in intensity from community to community and local to local. . . ." This charge was substantiated by an extensive survey made by the National Urban League of the racial practices of building trades unions in thirty-two cities, which revealed a broad pattern of anti-Negro practices. In many instances, Negroes are totally excluded from membership in building trades unions in Northern communities. In some, they are admitted on a segregated basis, as in New York City, where the Carpenters Union operates Local 1088 as an all-Negro local.

Since unions in the building trades con-

*On March 3, 1957 the president of the Negro local in Tulsa, in a letter to the general chairman of the Union's "Frisco System Board," requested the elimination of segregated locals and stated: "At a meeting held February 15, members of this organization decided that it would be to our best interests to merge with [white] Lodge 777 and surrender our charter. Since the schools of our city and state have integrated without incidents, we are sure the same would happen between our Lodges." The Brotherhood of Railway Clerks refused the request.

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trol the hiring process, their refusal to admit colored persons to membership effectively prevents qualified Negro craftsmen from securing employment. For example, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (not to be confused with the International Union of Electrical Workers whose president is James B. Carey), largely excludes Negroes from membership in the key local unions having jurisdiction in new construction, installation, and wiring. Thus, because IBEW Local 26 in Washington, D. C. refuses membership to non-white persons, Negroes were prevented from working on the construction of the national AFL-CIO headquarters, the new House of Representatives office building, and other public and private construction in the nation's capital.

Although the Taft-Hartley law forbids the "closed shop," as does so-called "right to work" legislation now adopted by twenty states, the building trades unions continue to exercise almost complete control of all hiring on construction projects over the United States. A recent study by the Fund for the Republic in Texas concludes: "A review of actual labor-management practices on the traditional 'closed shop' trades in Texas confirms the fact that 'right to work' has not brought about any basic change over the past eleven years. In the building construction industry, the statute is almost universally violated. . . ." Significantly, the Fund for the Republic study reported how ". . . an unlawful closed shop operated to deprive certain Negro employees of work they had performed in the past, despite their continued membership in a Negro local of the union whose white-local members were engaging in this job imperialism. . . ." With but two exceptions,* no significant departure from the national pattern of racial exclusion has occurred in the major building trades unions since the end of the Second World War.

Quite as injurious to Negroes as the closed shop is union control of admissions into apprenticeship training programs. In the building trades, union power is used to limit the supply of skilled workers, and Negroes and members of other minority groups are the most frequent victims of such exclusionist practices. In the printing trades, too, union control of apprenticeship programs has operated to bar Negroes from skilled jobs.

As of January 1, 1959, complaints of discrimination were pending with the President's Committee on Government Contracts against many of America's leading international unions.† In addition, many other complaints against local unions were pending with state and municipal Fair Employment Practices Commissions.

THE record seems clear: in the four years since the merger of the AFL and the CIO, the national labor organization has failed to eliminate even the most obvious instances of racism within affiliated unions. As for the Federation's Civil Rights Department, its performance would seem to indicate that its major function is to create a "liberal" public relations image.

The AFL-CIO convention in San Francisco this past September differed little from the pattern of AFL conventions under Gompers and Green. Even as the delegates were meeting, the local Fair Employment Practices Commission was investigating the complaint of Ray Bass, a Negro who for over a year has been denied membership in the Bartenders Union solely because of his color

*Local 38 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers in Cleveland and Local 8 of the Bricklayers, Masons, and Plasterers Union in Milwaukee, Wisconsin originally defied the orders of Fair Employment Practices commissions, but admitted a token number of Negro mechanics when confronted by widespread public denunciation and the threat of litigation. In the IBEW case, the union still refuses to admit Theodore Pinkston, the plaintiff before the Cleveland Community Relations Commission, and other qualified Negro workers.

†Among them were the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, the International Association of Machinists, the International Union of Operating Engineers, the Communications Workers of America, the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, the Bricklayers, Mason and Plasterers International Union, the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, the Iron Ship Builders Union, the International Union of Elevator Constructors, the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

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and therefore denied employment. Meanwhile, the convention again rejected proposals to compel the railroad brotherhoods and other unions to end discrimination in the near future. It also prepared to readmit (provisionally) the International Longshoremens Association to the Federation, despite Randolph's charge that the ILA discriminated against Negro and Puerto Rican workers.* (Since the merger, the AFL-CIO had also admitted the Railroad Trainmen, and the Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen—both with racial-exclusion clauses in their constitutions. In November 1958, the Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen successfully defended these clauses in the Federal Court of Appeals in Cincinnati, Ohio; and the continued silence of the national AFL-CIO in this case is instructive, indeed.)

Negro wage earners, perhaps more than any other group among American workers, need the protection and benefits that derive from full membership in a trade union. And international unions can, if they are prepared to invoke authority, eliminate discriminatory employment practices. In 1958, for example, the United Automobile Workers eliminated the traditional discriminatory seniority provisions which limited Negro seniority and promotion at the General Motors Fisher Body plant in St. Louis. At the large Magnolia Oil Refinery in Beaumont, Texas, thirty-two Negro workers were recently promoted for the first time into the hitherto all-white "process mechanical division," and several other Negroes were employed in production departments previously barred to them. The Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union helped, rather than resisted, their efforts. A new union policy formally prohibited separate lines of promotion in collective bargaining agreements; and the union called on its members to eliminate discriminatory practices and segregated locals. The International Association of Machinists, which until a decade ago had an all-white clause in its constitution, has also cautiously begun to curb discrimination within its ranks. In too many trades and crafts, however, union power today remains a major obstacle to securing equal employment opportunities for the Negro.

THIS is not the only obstacle the Negro worker faces, of course. Because there is a disproportionate concentration of Negro workers in the ranks of the unskilled and semi-skilled, there has already been a high rate of Negro displacement and unemployment as the result of automation and other technological innovations. Periodic recessions, too, have had a devastating effect on the Negro community; during several months in 1958, non-white unemployment was more than two-and-a-half times as great as unemployment among white workers. Inevitably, then, in the face of these developments, and the continued inability of the AFL-CIO to curb discrimination in its ranks, the Negro worker has turned to governmental agencies, and to the courts, for protection.

In several cases, discriminatory unions have invoked the legal doctrine of "voluntary association" to justify their exclusion of Negroes. In the Wisconsin Supreme Court, for example, the Bricklayers Union in 1956 challenged the Wisconsin Industrial Commission's recommendation that it admit two Negroes to membership. The Court upheld the union; it declared that "membership in a voluntary association is a privilege which may be accorded or withheld, and not a right which can be gained and then enforced. The courts cannot compel the admission of an individual into such an association, and if his application is refused, he is entirely without legal remedy, no mat-

*AFL-CIO President George Meany claimed ignorance of such discrimination. He said: "Now, in regard to Phil Randolph . . . I never knew of discrimination in the ILA . . . and to come at this late date where he has an audience, a convention of the AFL-CIO, and come up with this material, I just don't think is playing the game." However, the Urban League had, a week before the convention, sent a lengthy report on waterfront discrimination to Meany, members of the AFL-CIO Executive Council, and members of its special subcommittee on the ILA. Several of these members—including Meany—had formally acknowledged receipt of the report.

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ter how arbitrary or unjust may be his exclusion. . . ."

Nevertheless, the body of law that has been evolving over the last two decades has tended to forge new protections for the Negro worker. In these cases,* the principle of "voluntary association" has been no defense to the charge of racial discrimination. In the 1958 case of *Sam H. Clark v. Norfolk and Western Railway Company and Brotherhood of Locomotive Trainmen,* a Federal District Court granted a permanent injunction preventing the union from halting promotion of Negroes into certain job classifications; the Negro plaintiffs were also awarded compensatory damages. In a case last March, *Oliphant v. Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen,* the Supreme Court refused to review a ruling of the Circuit Court in Cincinnati, which upheld the union's refusal to admit Negroes; but the Supreme Court clearly hinted that it would welcome reviewing, in some other case, the basic constitutional question: whether a union has a right to restrict membership because of race.

Negro workers have placed so many of their hopes in the courts, and in state and local Fair Employment Practices Commissions, because organized labor seems incapable of overcoming its habitual discriminatory practices. On the level of the small shop and local union, the traditions of discrimination have often been institutionalized. A form of caste psychology impels many workers to regard their own positions as "white men's jobs," to which no Negro should aspire. These workers and, often, their union leaders regard jobs in their industries as a kind of private privilege, to be accorded and denied by them as they see fit. Often, Negroes are not alone in being barred from such unions, which attempt to maintain an artificial labor shortage. This is especially true in the building and printing trades, which have much of the character of the medieval guild. On the local level, the inertia which sustains discrimination is to be found among skilled workers in big industry as well as among craftsmen, and in the North almost as commonly as in the South.

The national labor leadership, for its part, indignantly explains that it is besieged at this time, by too many enemies to risk internal conflict over discrimination. The presence of a Republican in the White House since 1953, the Congressional exposures of union corruption, industry's more aggressive attitude in the last two years†—all of these have caused labor's leadership to adopt a defensive posture. Within the large unions, automation and technological progress have stimulated new tensions between skilled and unskilled workers; the struggles between unions in various jurisdictions, and in various parts of the country, continue unabated. Because of these pressures, the very AFL-CIO leaders who oppose bias in other institutions have been reluctant to combat it within the labor movement. "We don't want to be torn apart," is their argument. They fear that any militant decision to ban discrimination, no matter how gradually it was applied, would split the AFL-CIO wide open, and thus weaken the liberal cause.

However, for the Negro seeking employment, union discrimination is a cruel fact which these other considerations can hardly be expected to make easier. Given union control of the hiring process and of apprenticeship programs in the building trades, the printing trades, on the waterfront, on the railways, and in so many other industries, labor bias is no longer the private matter of a "voluntary association"—or of a "quasi-sovereignty," as Robert M. Hutchins describes American labor today. Such discrimination is a fundamental social barrier to the Negro, hardly less serious than segregation in the public schools. The intervention of the larger community may, it seems, be necessary to remove that barrier.

*Among them: *Joseph James* v. *Marinship Corporation and International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Tunstall* v. *Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen & Enginemen, Steele* v. *Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company,* and *Betts* v. *Easely* and *Syres* v. *Oil Workers International Union.*

†See "Labor's Time of Troubles," by A. H. Raskin in our August issue.—ED.

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THE ONLY JEWISH FAMILY IN TOWN

In Rural Ohio

LOUISE LASER

WHEN my husband accepted a position as an associate professor of sociology at Rufus College, we moved to Foxton, Ohio, with our sons, David, five, and Allen, four. For three years, from September 1956 to August 1959, we were to live in one of the few remaining places in the United States with a genuinely rural culture. Already the growth of cross-country highways threatened the area and, inevitably, commercial developers will sound the knell of Foxton as we knew it. This is a report of what it was like to be the only Jewish family in town.

Rufus College isn't listed in any directory under that name, but it is real—one of eighteen hundred colleges in the United States. Rufus was a hundred and five years old and had been accredited eight years when we came; it was then independent, though it had begun as a church-related institution and there were still occasional skirmishes over policy with trustees accustomed to the old ways. Most of the students at Rufus came from rural workingmen's families, or from small farms—the children of the well-to-do farmers in the area or of Foxton's business and professional people went to the state university. The usual sociological investigations of student bodies have scarcely ever reached into obscure little colleges like Rufus. There we found the "unknowns"—including a handful of Jewish students far away from anything resembling a familiar home environment.

Mostly, Rufus students had come from high schools whose total enrollment was well under a hundred, and they were apt to be the first in their families to go to college. They arrived with little understanding of or interest in the liberal arts. The boys chose industrial arts so that they could be foremen, or physical education so as to get coaching positions, or agriculture to help them in their farming. The girls were preparing to be elementary schoolteachers. Boys and girls both reflected the fundamentalist backgrounds of rural Ohio. Smoking was almost unknown and drinking confined to an insignificant number and then only off campus. The girls were pretty in a fresh sort of way, appearing more like high school students than college coeds. They dressed simply, with lipstick their only cosmetic; the Freshman women's council once censured students who wore nail polish.

Socially, the students were extremely awkward. A new dean of women fresh from Bryn Mawr felt it necessary after eating in the dining hall to have mimeographed a booklet of "Tips on Good Manners." She included such items as: "Don't eat from the serving bowl. Put your portion on your own plate and pass the dish along," and "Peas are to be eaten with a fork." At a fraternity dinner dance, chaperons were left standing in the foyer while the young men and their dates raced to places at the tables. Many students, accustomed to the informality and first-name basis of the farm, called their professors "Doc." I heard a sophomore greet the sixty-one-year-old dean of the faculty with: "Say, I saw your old lady in

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The names LOUISE LASER, Foxton, and Rufus College are fictitious, but this article by the wife of an American sociologist describes an authentic experience of an Ohio town. The author herself was born in Chicago, received a master's degree in political science from the University of Chicago, and has taught government at Barnard College in New York. In recent years she has been a free-lance writer of articles and fiction, and she now lives with her family in West Virginia.

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town today." There were not enough middle-class students to serve as models for more sophisticated manners, but younger faculty members, themselves from Ivy League colleges, assumed some responsibility.

My husband was the only Jewish member of the faculty and we discovered we were the first Jews many of these students had ever known. I was invited to the Freshman women's dormitory one evening for a coffee hour, and when the inevitable question was asked: "What are your impressions of college?" some of the girls commented that they were having their first chance to meet "other" people. Many had never known a Catholic, some had never seen a Negro, a majority had never met a Jew. Not one had known anyone whose native tongue was other than English. One seventeen-year-old girl (obviously suffering with a case of homesickness) said: "Until I came to Foxton I had never known anyone who was not a member of the E.U.B. church." She told us that everyone in her town of a hundred and seventy-five souls was affiliated with the Evangelical United Brethren church, and she was meeting other Protestants for the first time.

It is difficult to realize how much isolation remains, even in this age of mass communication. Rufus coeds could sing Hit Parade tunes, a few were experimenting with Italian hair-cuts, and their teen-age patter sounded not very different from what one might hear, say, in Levittown. But radio and television had brought only superficial uniformity—in personal interaction these youngsters were just about as distant from the world outside their immediate environment as their grandfathers who had been thrilled by a first look at Henry Ford's machine. The few actual foreign students enrolled at Rufus seemed like visitors from another planet to these rural Ohioans.

As grandchildren of immigrants, my husband and I were intensely curious about this community where six or seven generations of a family had worshiped in the same church, where participants in a pageant celebrating the 150th anniversary of the settlement of the town wore the very clothes worn by their ancestors—the first settlers—merely taking them down from the attic and pressing them for the occasion. Youngsters climbed trees that had been planted by their great-grandparents. Once during a prolonged drought we asked our neighbor about his well—had it gone dry? He brought out the family Bible to show us: there had not been a water problem on his land since 1849. Listed in several hands was the record of windstorms, early frost, fire, lightning, epidemic—carefully noted along with sons gone to war and come home, births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths.

FOXTON, when we were there, had a population of eight thousand, only four hundred more in 1959 than had been reported in the census of 1920. It was thirty-five miles from the nearest railroad station, sixty miles from an airport, and the only public transportation in town was furnished by a company which maintained four taxis. Only fifty miles from a city of one hundred thousand, it had no interest in or connection with that metropolis. Foxton was not a suburb, or a dormitory town, but the county seat of a prosperous farming area, attracting shoppers and pleasure seekers from the villages round about. Hogs and sheep were the basis of the area's prosperity, and a few farms could boast Grade A milk herds. Most of the farm families had at least one cow, and the county agent found it necessary to warn constantly against the dangers of drinking unpasteurized milk. While we were there, he had publicly condemned church ice cream socials—until the sponsors agreed to use only pasteurized ingredients, although some farmers complained that "it spoiled the taste." In this farming country, there were as many veterinarians as medical doctors. The businessmen in town who came from farms often still maintained them with hired help.

The downtown area of Foxton ran two blocks on Sugartree Street and around the corner another block along Mulberry Street. Here were the five-and-ten, ready-to-wear,

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hardware and paint stores, and the prescription drugstores. The bank building, commanding the corner location, had steps broad enough to accommodate whoever felt like sitting down to watch the town go by. Around the corner was the hotel: sixteen rooms, nine baths, and an excellent dining room. The county courthouse and the Elks meeting hall were Foxton's two biggest buildings, but its best-looking edifice was the one-story post office whose cornerstone revealed it had been built by WPA labor in the 30's—in spite of the fact that the community had never gone Democratic even when many other farming areas deserted the Republican columns. Years ago the local garden club had planted red, white, and blue perennials around the post office, with especially thick clusters hiding the cornerstone, except in winter, when the inscription could be seen. But it was three towering feed mills and grain elevators that dominated the town's skyline, as the farmers dominated the town.

Several of the stores in downtown Foxton bore no identifying signs and a newcomer had to look inside to see what was being sold. Some signs were misleading: the marquee of the drugstore read "Applegate's," but everyone called it "Conway's" though Conway had sold out in 1941. The town's only jeweler did business under a hardware store sign he had not bothered to change since moving in eight years before. Foxton had a movie theater whose faded decorations reflected its earlier life as a vaudeville house for road shows; during the summer months there was also a drive-in, where the third-run pictures shown in town made a final appearance under the stars.

The county was a dry one, by local option, and had several active WCTU chapters. Teen-agers sipped their cokes Friday and Saturday nights in a basement room on Mulberry Street which had been converted into a recreation hall for them; fifteen to twenty couples danced here to phonograph records. A drive-in hamburger stand and a milk bar with a few sidewalk tables, each with a juke box, offered the only other public recreation. Foxtonians, however, had dozens of organizations to keep them busy. The town had its full share of civic and fraternal associations, Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, Elks, Masons, Grange, American Legion, complete with auxiliaries; numerous church-affiliated groups, social clubs, Tuesday Book Club, Wednesday Music Club, Friday Sew & Nibble Club, athletic groups, farmer cooperatives, 4-H. A committee setting a date for a PTA meeting or a church affair would be hard put to it to find an hour when no conflict in schedule would occur.

ENGAGEMENT calendars might be full, but the pace was leisurely. In the hunting season stores opened whenever the proprietors got back with their "legal limit." Downtown sidewalks were crowded with clusters of visiting county folk. Often, driving, you found yourself stuck behind someone who had stopped to talk to a pedestrian; if you could you pulled around, if you couldn't you stayed there. Horns were honked to attract attention; it was only those with out-of-county licenses who tooted in anger or frustration. Generally speaking, personal visiting was easier than telephone communication. Phone service was supplied by a small company to which we paid eight dollars and fifty cents a month for a ten-party line which we could use infrequently either because it was already in use or out of order.

Foxtonians were bound by complex and far-reaching kinship ties: we were reminded that in a small town social mobility was visible in two directions. The vice president of the bank was the first cousin of a drunk who lived in a shanty back of an abandoned creek; the head of Kiwanis had an uncle who was a hired hand, as low a status as one could achieve in a land-proud county. It was impossible to live in Foxton and not be aware of shanties, undernourished and neglected children, families in need of medical care and professional guidance. Yet during a period of prosperity when the state cut down its appropriations, the head of the local welfare office was able to get almost no cooperation from the community to help

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families forced to live on less than half of a "minimum health" budget. Over the cash register in the store owned by the president of the Rotary Club was the printed motto: "The best place to look for a helping hand is at the end of your arm." This seemed to express the sentiment of the rest of the town.

I WENT to City Hall one of the first mornings we were in Foxton and was directed to Mrs. Hare in the treasurer's office. She was the thin, gray-haired, erect type of septuagenarian who gives the impression she will live forever, straight-backed, vigorous, and clear-complexioned to the last. I began to introduce myself when she interrupted: "Oh, I know who you are. Your husband teaches out to the college and you bought Dan Fawley's house. Lovely place. I just hope you'll do something about those elms out front; they need tending else you'll lose them." Mentally I put "tree surgeon" on my list ahead of plumber and electrician—Mrs. Hare's voice conveyed an impressive authority. She gave me a map and arranged for the testing of our well water. As I thanked her, she asked: "Do you have a church yet? I'm a Lutheran and we'd be happy to welcome you if you haven't decided where to go."

I replied: "Thank you, Mrs. Hare, but we're Jewish."

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed with real feeling. "I'm so sorry there isn't one of your churches in town. I believe the nearest one must be miles away." She put her hand over mine in a gesture of friendliness. "I know what it would mean to me to be away from my church. Why don't you just come with us Lutherans until you can get to your own church again? We have a fine Sunday school."

Mrs. Hare was only the first of a long series of persons who invited us to their churches "until we could get to our own." As we came to know the town we observed a constant shifting of members among the various churches, and our going (from a Conservative synagogue!) to the Episcopal church evidently would have seemed not at all strange to our Foxton neighbors. In Foxton I was reminded of problems faced by Jewish congregations when a Quaker lady strode out of Meeting one Sunday because an organ was played. The elders of one church were sharply divided because their minister wanted a choir whose members were not necessarily affiliated with his church. Another minister was battling for the right to perform a marriage ceremony for a couple whose groom was an innocent party in a divorce. Each argument led to shifts in church allegiance. After a particularly bad schism friends would say: "You're so lucky you don't have these problems," and then we would tell them the story of the Jew who was shipwrecked on a desert island and built two synagogues so that he could always have one he wouldn't be caught dead in.

Those who invited us to their churches were not consciously trying to convert us to Christianity, unlikely as this would seem in more sophisticated communities. Jews were entirely outside their experience. In Foxton the church was an important part of your life and if you liked a person you wanted him to be with you. Foxtonians understood about the few yellow or brown or black students at the college—they spoke with foreign accents, and were doubtless relatives of the heathen in far distant lands for whose conversion the Christian citizens of Foxton collected pennies. But a native white who was not a Christian? One of the faculty with whom we had become more intimate told us: "They wouldn't let me alone. I hadn't been inside a church since I left Baltimore fifteen years ago, but I finally joined because I got so tired of being asked why I didn't."

We ourselves finally attended each of the eleven churches at least once, our children going to the Sunday school classes of their age groups. A Baptist friend urged us to bring our sons again. "Certainly there is nothing in our religious instruction you would find inconsistent with your beliefs," he said. That day our pre-schooler had brought home a picture he had colored of the Virgin Mary, and our kindergartener

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had been taught to sing "Jesus Loves me." A Methodist trying to persuade us to affiliate with his church said: "I think you'll notice our minister doesn't talk about Christ much." Exasperated by my own failure to explain to a Lutheran lady why I could not join the women's group of her church, I blurted out: "I'm not a Christian!" Her embarrassed giggle was what I might have expected had I gone to the faculty-trustee formal dinner in a bikini.

THERE were subtle ways in which we were reminded that Foxtonians, innocent of having ever known any Jews, shared the stereotyped image of them. My husband and I were natives of Chicago, felt our roots to be in that Midwest city, and went back there regularly to visit our families. Yet we were frequently asked: "Had you ever been west of New York before coming here?" or "Are you going home to New York for vacation?" Other parts of the stereotype, borne out by numerous incidents, meant that we were intellectuals, automatically against segregation (Foxton's schools had been integrated only four years), and from wealthy families.

A neighboring farmer from whom we purchased our eggs told me there was "another foreign family" in town, giving the name of Polish refugees recently brought over by the Catholic church. Frequently when exchange students or visiting missionaries were in town we were asked to events honoring them, and I wondered whether this "foreign family" idea had prompted the invitation. A high school teacher told me as we were waiting to be checked out at the supermarket that she was going abroad for the summer. I made the conventional remark that I wished I were going and she said: "I know you must want to see the places your kinfolk lived."

It was taken for granted that we were experts on Israel, and the ministers of the various churches looked upon us as a branch of the Israeli information service, telephoning even about boundaries and rainfall, or asking for the translation of occasional Hebrew words used in missionary reports. Yet rather elementary facts about Jewish taboos or customs were not known, and it was fortunate for everyone's peace of mind that we did not observe the dietary laws. A faculty wife asked us to dinner the following Friday. Next morning she called. Did we eat meat on Friday? She set an attractive table the evening we were there and happily brought in the entree: baked ham. When I lit candles at our own table one Friday night a guest said: "Oh, I thought only Catholics lit candles."

"Judeo-Christian," those favorite twins of after-dinner speakers and commencement orators, were not joined in Foxton. "Christian" alone was used as a synonym for virtue, morality, wisdom, courage, duty, charity. I was asked to chair a panel discussion on voting at a local civic group; when the announcement came out it read: "Christian Citizenship." My husband was invited to address the high school PTA on "The Christian Family." Even those who were interested in inter-religious and inter-cultural relations failed to understand the full impact of this Christian parochialism. I belonged to a mothers' club which included both town and farm women and prided itself on its program for international good will. One September the club had a carry-in supper to which it invited the foreign students. Standing at the table, the group sang grace. It was a pleasant grace and sweetly sung. It ended: "Bless Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen." An Egyptian student winked at a Korean and a Moslem wagged his head impishly in my direction, but I heard no comment afterward from a single member of the mothers' club. Certainly no offense was meant by the Christian Foxtonians. It simply never occurred to any of them that their grace might not be equally acceptable to all in a gathering that included Shintoists, Moslems, Hindus, Buddhists, and Jews!

We wanted our younger son to be at nursery school while his older brother was busy in kindergarten. The only nursery school in town was held in the Presbyterian church and so I telephoned the minister for

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an appointment and went to his study. Reverend Clark, obviously a pipe devotee, greeted me through a curtain of tobacco smoke. There had never been a Jewish child in the nursery school, he said, but that was only because there had never been any Jewish children in town before. "We keep the weekday school strictly separate from Sunday school though some of the Elders look upon this with misgivings. I've told them I don't approve of pounding into small heads night and day the way they do some other places." He inclined his head toward the window and through the drapes I glimpsed the parish house of the Catholic church. Reverend Clark puffed on his pipe reflectively for a moment, then added, still looking through the window: "Although I must say he doesn't have the trouble with his congregation that I have." With an appreciative chuckle he got to his feet and said: "Well, let me show you the school room. You'll find it's really quite decent and not apt to corrupt the young."

In the months my younger son attended nursery school he continued to recite the *shema* as part of his bedtime prayers—with no theological objections—and his conversations indicated no religious indoctrination of any kind. Shortly before Christmas, Reverend Clark called to announce that nursery school was being discontinued the first of the year. "I've been told to turn it into a daily school attached to the Presbyterians, or abandon it. I won't be the one to start a parochial school in this town."

THE Reverend Clark came into our lives once again. My husband's father died and when we returned from Chicago, the Reverend was our first caller. "When I was in college there was a Jewish lad in the same dormitory," he said, "and I got to know something about Jews from Ben. I know that when you are in sorrow you say special prayers." He looked at us earnestly. "When Ben's mother died he went to synagogue every morning and he told me there had to be ten men there. Now I'll talk to the members of the church and I'll make sure there are nine men with you every morning." My husband explained, and I left the room, overwhelmed by the goodness and the innocence of this man. I have no doubt that if Jewish laws permitted such a *minyan* there would have been nine Presbyterians at the church every morning for a year.

Although we had not seen this as our role, it was probably inevitable that we should appear as representatives of Judaism. David's kindergarten teacher, Mrs. Cable, had once taught in a school system with Jewish teachers and knew about Chanukah. She telephoned shortly before the holiday and asked whether I would bring a menorah and light the candles so that the children "would have the privilege of learning about your religion." On the suggested morning I appeared at school with menorah, candles, and bags of treats for each child, jelly beans and peppermint sticks instead of the chocolate "Chanukah gelt" I would have liked. I repeated the story of Chanukah in the language of five-year-olds. David's teacher told the children: "Remember that Jesus was a Jew and he celebrated this very holiday when he was a child." Mrs. Cable then said the children had a treat for me in return. She had located a Festival of Lights song and while they were learning Christmas carols the youngsters had also been taught a melody for Chanukah "in honor of David whose holiday it is." Now these little tow-heads stood before the menorah singing in praise of the Maccabees.

I had been home less than an hour when Allen's nursery school teacher called to say she had heard about my appearance at kindergarten and would I come with Allen the next morning? This was followed by repeat performances at the Baptist and Methodist Sunday schools, the Grange, and a mothers' club, punctuated by a hurried phone call I made to Chicago to air-mail us a box of candles so that there would be enough for our own family celebration. I had raised no question about my sons' participation in the rather extensive Christmas preparation at school, yet each teacher had gone out of her way to make the boys' holiday under-

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stood by their classmates. This was to be a feature of each December of our stay in Foxton.

A seven-year-old on the playground once said to David: "Why do you call yourself an American when you're a Jew?"—this was the single unpleasant incident. We gave our sons the usual religious instruction at home. But some problems arose which did not center on the Old Testament. The boys began to ask: "Why is everyone else a Christian? How come there are so few Jews in the world?" It was not easy to explain (even by a sociologist to his sons!) why "everyone else" in town worshiped Jesus and we did not. We saw it as our problem to give them an understanding of Christianity which would maintain their respect for the religion of the town without lessening their regard for their own. I found myself saying things I would not have, normally. Did the boys know that the man who developed the vaccine for polio was a Jew? That this or that scientist or author or political leader or musician whose picture was in the paper was a Jew? We felt it necessary to show that not all important people were Christians—or Jews either. Once I heard myself saying: "Don't forget all the Jews you meet when you go to Chicago."

Who were the eight to fifteen Jewish students at Rufus College each of the three years we were there? Most of them came from families whose fathers clerked in stores they did not own, or had some other modest white-collar job. These Rufusites could not get to college at all unless they worked their way through, and they came to Rufus from distant places because Rufus was known to offer opportunities for employment. They were truly Jews without Money and Jews without Connections. Their ambitions were modest: to be an elementary schoolteacher, a football coach, an accountant. Rufus also attracted an occasional wealthier type of Jewish student, the son or daughter of some family from the New York or Boston area. These were the ones who briefly blended into the college landscape, becoming active on the newspaper or with the dramatic group or student council. They came and went, seldom remaining for more than two semesters. Students from New York had a particularly difficult time adjusting to the situation in which they had placed themselves. A girl from Brooklyn walked into the town's gift shop one fall and asked to see New Year's cards. The owner, a member of the DAR, explained she wouldn't be getting either Christmas or New Year's cards for a few weeks. The New Yorker protested: "Not that New Year. I want some cards for Rosh Hashanah." One afternoon in the bakery I heard another New Yorker stating in some exasperation to the counter girl that there certainly were such things as onion rolls and why didn't they make them?

As a whole, the Jewish students got on well with the rest of the college community. Fraternities were local and there were no charter restrictions against membership on the basis of religion. One Jewish boy was pledged to the best fraternity on campus and in his junior year elected an officer, the same year another young Jew was blackballed—a right choice, it seemed to us, in both instances. The Jewish girls joined or refrained from joining sororities according to individual preferences. Dating was across religious lines. One of the New Jersey coeds went overboard for the campus beatnik, a young man raised in the Episcopal church but now boisterously atheistic.

Because of the college calendar, it was impossible for us to make the usual trip to Chicago one Passover, and so my husband and I invited all the Jewish students on campus for the Seder. Ten accepted. The problems involved in preparing a Seder in the town of Foxton can be imagined—the nearest store where special food could be purchased was fifty-five miles away. When I realized I did not have the needed lamb bone for the ceremonial plate, one of the students, who felt very strongly that the Seder would be incomplete without it, drove sixty-five miles, knocked at the door of a rabbi whose address he had found in the

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telephone directory, and begged the bone from the rabbi's bewildered wife. May her name be forever blessed, she handed it over.

A few days before the Seder, the head of the college's department of religion called on us. A birthright Quaker, Dr. Jonathan Smythe was deeply interested in the Old Testament and had been teaching himself Hebrew. He spoke frankly: attending a Seder would be an opportunity of a lifetime for him and would we extend an invitation? My husband and I had some misgivings which we did not communicate to our friend. The Jewish students who were coming had resisted any attempt to identify themselves as a religious group—although the campus had a Newman Club for Catholics and numerous Protestant denominational youth groups—and we had no desire to put them on display. But the question once asked could be answered in one way only: we told our Quaker friend he would be welcome.

When the night came, the Seder table looked festive and as the students arrived they began to fall in with the holiday spirit. Our girl from New Jersey was the last to make an appearance, and as she entered she announced: "I've brought a friend." Her beatnik date was not the first red-bearded man with whom I've shared a Seder table, although I'll bet no Talmudic scholar ever had such bright green eyes or freckled nose. Dr. Smythe had borrowed a hat for the evening, and from my husband at the head of the table down to our young sons who were somewhat nervously reviewing the Four Questions, all immediately became part of the occasion. Alongside Dr. Smythe's wine glass I had set a pitcher of grape juice. A fundamentalist, he never drank anything stronger than good tea brewed in the English fashion, but not this evening. "This is my first Seder and I want to do everything you do," he insisted. His glass was filled with wine although he must have known the entire student body and most of the faculty and trustees would hear about it before noon the next day.

We were a community of co-religionists, reciting prayers and recalling incidents deep in a common past. We were almost a family, in the sense of a large one which had acquired numerous in-laws during the year. Songs which had the same words came out with different melodies; one girl would say: "In our house we always do it this way—" and a boy would reply: "But I always thought there was only one way to do it." There were little jokes during the reading of the Haggadah and the usual furtive turning of pages to see how long before dinner would be served. Several of the students and Dr. Smythe read the portions in Hebrew while others of us relied on the English translation. Even the beatnik took his turn, in no way breaking the mood of the occasion. We sat at table long after the last bite had been eaten, singing, and talking about Seders of the past. Dr. Smythe said: "I had never thought of Judaism as a happy religion before. I wish Quaker Meeting had more joy in it."

"I felt proud of being a Jew tonight," said a Philadelphia girl as she was leaving.

I echoed: "So did I."

We spent three years in Foxton. When the note-taking tapered off and we found ourselves increasingly distressed by the low academic level of the college rather than interested in its causes, when living away from intellectual stimulation was no longer compensated by the challenge of studying another culture, we knew it was time to go. In February of our third year our elder son brought a note from his second-grade teacher asking that we keep him from reading books because he was already too far ahead of his class. This underlined our decision to close the Rufus College chapter.

In our new city, we joined the temple and took our boys along to register for Sunday school. The director of religious education asked them: "Have you ever been to Sunday school before?"

"Oh, yes," our seven-year-old son assured her. "We've been in lots of Sunday schools, but this will be our first time with Jews."

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THE GROOM ON ZLOTA STREET

A Story

HUGH H. NISSENSON

IN THE first decade of the century, when he was twelve years old, my father, his parents, and his cousin Yecheil all lived in a little shop on Mila Street in Warsaw where my grandfather made carriage whips. Just across the way was the entrance to a Russian miiltary barracks, a huge gray stone building with an iron gate that was always guarded by two armed sentries whose hobnailed boots rang out on the cobblestones as they paced up and down at their posts. Every morning, just after dawn, the boy peered breathlessly through the cellar window in order to be able to give Yecheil the signal that the soldiers were at the opposite end of the street and it was safe for him to leave the shop and peddle the whips all over the city.

"Now, David?"

"Not yet," said the boy and Yecheil yawned, slipped the pack off his back, and rubbed his narrow shoulders where the straps had already begun to cut into them.

"Well?"

"They're almost at the gate."

"No rush. No rush. Just tell me when," said Yecheil, fingering his scraggly beard.

"Did they hurt you very much yesterday?"

"No, no."

"I'll never understand it."

"What?"

"If the soldiers keep pulling your beard, why don't you shave it off?"

There was no answer. The boy knew that he might as well have saved his breath. For as long as he had known him, Yecheil had made no concession to modernity. He dressed in a gaberdine and skullcap, his ritual locks curled behind his ears, and a razor had never touched his beard. But with a beard like that the boy couldn't see the difference. It looked as if Yecheil had shaved anyway, or worse—begun without finishing the job. For some reason he was unable to grow any hair on his cheeks. It grew in black tufts on his lower jaws, and beneath his chin, accentuating his sharp cheekbones, and long naked face.

"I have to go toward the Prospect this morning. Tell me—the one on the right, what does he look like?"

"I think it's the same one as yesterday," said the boy.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," said David, but it was a lie. He was never able to tell one of the soldiers from the other. From that distance, and looking up as he did from just above the level of the street, their features were always indistinct and somehow generalized into bristling black mustaches and shaven chins. They wore long black coats with flaring skirts belted at the waist, and their lambskin caps made them seem even taller than they were, not men at all, as far as the boy was concerned, but giants left over from that time recorded in the Bible when giants roamed the face of the earth and loved the daughters of men.

"The same one," said Yecheil. "Is that so? He's not too bad. A Ukrainian by his accent. What's the matter?"

"He's looking this way."

"Never mind. Never mind."

"He's stopped," said David. "No, he's

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started again. He's almost passed the butcher's. Why does he keep looking over here?"

"The Ukrainian, eh?" Yecheil muttered.

"How can I be sure?"

"No matter, it can't be helped," said Yecheil, slipping on his pack. The tips of the long whips grazed the ceiling. "Come, smile, why don't you? It makes no difference. God be praised. God provides. There's always the groom on Zlota Street."

"The who?"

"Did you say your prayers this morning? We must thank Him for that."

"For what?"

But muttering under his breath, Yecheil was already halfway up the creaking stairs. The boy pressed his cheek against the cold glass and listened to the voices coming faintly from above; his father, giving last-minute instructions, perhaps, or just saying goodbye; his mother, calling out from the kitchen—"ooo"—the last, attenuated syllable of some inaudible phrase. Then, to the clatter of the cracked tin bell, the front door was opened and closed, and David peered up and to the right to catch a glimpse of Yecheil hesitating in the doorway of the shop. With his hands thrust under his armpits, he stamped his feet up and down. The icy wind off the river, blowing in gusts from the east, caught at his scraggly beard. "What's he waiting for? Go on. Go now," thought the boy. It was either now or never. Across the narrow street the sentry was coming toward him. The thin bayonet fixed to the end of his rifle glinted in the sun. "O now," David prayed. "Please now," and as if in answer, Yecheil turned toward the right and began to walk, a little sideways, keeping as close as he could to the front of the shops. He passed the cobbler's, and Jacobson the hatter's, whose red-lettered sign hung on one hinge and swung in the wind. The butcher's was next. Then he was lost to sight, and all that the boy could see of him was his shadow gliding obliquely across the ground. Then that too was gone. He had passed the tailor shop. David raised his eyes to the sentry. The man had stopped.

"But it might be all right. It might be the Ukrainian after all," he thought. "I must go up." With one last glance, aware that he had shouted aloud, he backed away from the window and stumbled up the stairs into the kitchen. Facing the tailor shop, with his legs spread, the sentry had taken the rifle from his shoulder and was holding it in his hands.

"But it's nothing," said his father.

"Papa, let me go."

"It's nothing, I tell you; David, be still."

"Let go of my arm."

"There's nothing you can do."

"What are they doing to him?"

"Nothing."

"Then let me see."

"Be still."

"Mama!" the boy cried out. "Mama, make Papa let me go."

His mother was standing by the wooden tub, her arms wet to the elbows from washing the breakfast dishes.

"Listen to your father. Be quiet. Hush," she said, drying her hands on her apron, and going to the curtained window to peer out.

"Are they hurting him? Mama? What's happened?"

Her lips twitched, and her face had gone pale, bringing out the dark, wrinkled circles under her eyes.

"They've finished with him," she said. "Ah, there, you see? There he goes. He's gotten away. He's running toward the Prospect."

"Let me see."

"Abba, it's all right," she said. "They've let him go. Let him go."

"Yes, let go," said the boy, wrenching himself free and losing his balance.

"Be careful. The tub!" his mother cried.

"Are you all right?" asked his father. "David?"

"I banged my funny bone."

"Stand up."

"Did they hurt him?"

"Sipra," said his father, "come away from the window. Let me see the arm, David. Stand up. Stand by me."

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They went to work in the other room where long strips of rawhide hung from wooden dowels on the walls. The boy had been taught to curry the strips with a sharp, curved knife, scraping them as clean as he could in preparation for his father who attached them as lashes to the ends of a bundle of birch rods. There was no stove in the room. In the morning, they moved their bench to be warmed by the sunlight that streamed through the single oval window over the door. In the afternoon, it grew so cold that they could see their own breath. The boy suffered from chilblain. His fingers became red and puffy. It was awkward and painful to handle the knife and he often cut himself. His father worked opposite him, holding the rod between his knees and one end of the lash taut between his strong white teeth. He was a handsome man with wide dark eyes and a curly black beard with streaks of auburn in it—the color of David's hair. My beard will be like that, a little redder, maybe, but thick too, the boy thought to himself with a twinge of shame for feeling grateful that he didn't take after Yecheil, his mother's side of the family.

"Papa?"

"Unhh?"

"Just for a minute. Take it out of your mouth."

"How's the elbow?"

"Better, thank you. Papa, I've been thinking. Maybe Yecheil ought to speak to the rabbi."

"What for?"

"I don't know. If he explained, maybe the rabbi would give him permission to shave off his beard."

"Are you finished with that strip?"

"Papa?"

"What is it now?"

"Nothing. I'm finished," said the boy. He should have known better than to even mention it. It was forbidden, and that's all there was to it. How could a Jew shave off his beard? Still—no, the boy decided, and in any case, the less said about Yecheil in his father's presence the better. He sensed that his father suffered from the shame of giving in to his wife's fears and, to calm her, swearing on his life never to accompany her nephew to the end of the street in the morning no matter what the soldiers did to him. She was convinced that they would murder her husband as he returned to the shop alone.

At five o'clock they heard the bells of St. Stephan's, the church on the next street, calling the Christians of the neighborhood to Mass. The room was getting dark. It was time to quit. Soon the sun would set and most of the Jewish men on the block would gather in the wooden synagogue on the corner to say their evening prayers. There were fifteen or twenty of them. The Russian sentries who had begun their night watch an hour before rarely dared to molest them in a group.

"Don't look so worried," his father said as he left for the synagogue. "Yecheil will be there. We'll bring him safely home."

In the kitchen, a pan of fat was cooking on the stove.

"What's for dinner?" David asked his mother.

"Your prayers first," she said, putting his skullcap on the back of his head.

"What is it? Tell me. Not potato pancakes again! That's the third time this week. Is there any jam?"

But with her head covered by a cotton scarf, and her eyes closed, his mother was already absorbed in prayers of her own. David bowed his head, rocked back and forth on his heels and the balls of his feet, listening to the sputtering fat. The heat of the stove swelled his reddened fingers and made them ache even worse than before. He rubbed them together.

"Mama?"

"Finished so soon?"

He hadn't even been able to begin. Then were tears in the corners of her eyes. Her lips twitched. For the first time, the boy realized that it had become habitual. Aware all at once of his astonished, stricken glance, she coughed nervously, concealing her mouth behind her hand.

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"Oh, Mama."

She blamed herself. He was sure of it. It had never been so clear to him. Rather than blame God, she took the whole thing on herself—not only her husband's shame, but Yecheil's suffering as well. And in a way the horror was that she was right. It had all begun with an act of kindness on her part, a promise that she had made to her dying sister to provide a home for her unmarried son. Originally from Vilna, left all alone after he had lost his mother in a spotted fever epidemic some six months before, Yecheil had only come to Warsaw at his aunt's invitation. The trouble was that the shop on Mila Street could barely support three as it was. Peddling the whips, submitting to the soldiers, was absolutely the only thing that could be found for Yecheil to do.

"Mama, listen to me."

"Wash your hands and come and sit down."

"Listen for a minute. You're not to blame."

"There's a fresh piece of soap in the cupboard."

"You did your best. How can you think it's your fault?"

"No, no. To the left. That's it. Behind the cups."

"Are you listening?"

"What is it?"

"Nobody's to blame because there's nothing else we can do."

"Can you reach it?"

"No."

"Stand on the chair."

"Anyway, if Yecheil doesn't mind so much, why should you? Did he ever tell you about the groom on Zlota Street?"

"Be careful."

"Ask him about that, why don't you?" said David. "We have to be thankful for what we can."

But later, as usual, she ate her supper in silence. No one said anything until Yecheil took a huge bite from the last brown cake on the plate, wiped his greasy fingers on his beard, and turned to her husband.

"There's a new stable on Iron Street, did I tell you? I was there for over an hour this morning, talking to the groom. He comes from Vilna too."

"Is that so? Did he buy anything?"

"He will. He will, absolutely, I'm sure of it. He told me to come back and see him sometime next week."

"Who bought something today?"

"Tomorrow," said Yecheil, blowing into his steaming glass of tea. "Tomorrow will be a good day."

"Really?" asked David. "How many whips will he buy?"

"Who?"

"Why, the groom on Zlota Street. Isn't that where you're going?"

"Who told you about him?"

"You did. Don't you remember? This morning."

"Did I?" said Yecheil. "Ah, if I want, the groom on Zlota Street would buy them all."

"What did I tell you? Mama, did you hear?" asked the boy.

He was unable to sleep. For half the night, tossing and turning on the narrow bed he shared with Yecheil in the closet next to the workroom, he lay awake while the mice scampered across the floor and gnawed the scraps of leather left under the bench. Tomorrow was Friday, Sabbath eve, when Yecheil usually came home early to go to the *mikveh*, the bathhouse just off Marshalkovska Street, for his ritual bath. "Dear God," the boy prayed, "my Father in Heaven, if it's really true, then let him go to Zlota Street first, and sell all of his whips." He blessed the groom, and the stable, and the man's wife, if he was married, and all of their children. "It's not for me that I ask, I swear it. If the groom buys all the whips, that'll mean five or six rubles at least, maybe more. Think what that will mean to Mama. It will be a sign to her, a miracle to celebrate the Sabbath." He shut his eyes and tried to imagine his mother's joy at being able to

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prepare and bless a full Sabbath meal for the family, a real dinner with fish and wine, chopped herring for an appetizer, garlic and chicken fat spread on thin slices of white bread, potato *kugel* and a roast chicken. "Why, there'll even be enough money left over for Mama to buy flour and bake a cake. A nut cake, mmm, with almonds and raisins. . . . Lord, God of my Fathers, do I have to tell You? You know how much it would mean to her—to all of them. . . . Thou art just. I ask You—no matter what happens, do we ever question that? Be Thou merciful too. . . ."

He had involuntarily spoken aloud. Yecheil stirred, snorted once through his nose, and again lay still, with his face to the wall. The mice squeaked. It was bitterly cold. The boy repeated the prayer over and over. Outside, it had begun to rain, and the hollow drumming on the kitchen window filled the whole house.

"AWAKE? Good morning," said his father, standing at the door. A diffused, dirty light flooded the room. David sat up and rubbed his eyes. He was alone in bed.

"What happened? Is he gone?"

"You overslept."

"When did Yecheil go?"

"Almost an hour ago. . . . No, no, it's all right. You needn't look like that. Nothing happened. It's snowing. The soldiers have built a fire by the gate. Would you believe it? They were too busy warming themselves. They didn't even look at him as he went by."

The boy jumped out of bed and ran to the kitchen window. It was true. His heart leapt. A bonfire blazed in front of the gate, hissing and smoking in the falling snow. The two sentries, with their caps pulled down over their ears, had leaned their rifles against the wall, and were warming their hands.

"They really didn't touch him?"

"Not so much as a glance."

Again David parted the curtain and gazed out of the window. He could hardly believe it. For the first time in over a week the soldiers hadn't molested Yecheil, and on today of all days. He was afraid to think. Was it a good omen, or what?

"Did Yecheil say when he'd be back?"

"It's Friday. Early, I suppose," said his father, and the boy scrutinized his face. He was nibbling on his mustache, his expression a blank. Perhaps Yecheil had said nothing to his parents, intending to surprise them, and then again—the boy shook his head. All through the morning he could hardly keep his mind on his work. Again and again, he pictured the Sabbath table, lit by candles, with its loaf of bread covered by a linen napkin, ready to be blessed. He saw his father, dressed in a clean kaftan, with his beard combed, raise his wine glass, and his mother's smiling face. The roast chicken, simmering in the pan, rose before his eyes. His mouth watered, and then all at once, seized by fear, he raised his eyes to the worm-eaten beams of the ceiling over his head.

"How could I? God forgive me," he prayed. In his weakness, he knew that he had jeopardized everything, revealing to God that he had prayed the whole night through not for the relief of his parents, or the sanctification of the Sabbath, but for the gratification of his own desire. The image of the chicken tormented him. He felt the crisp skin melt on his tongue, the bones crunch between his teeth. Try as he would, it was impossible to think of anything else. By noon, he felt exhausted by the effort, and the lack of sleep, and his heart shrank as he heard his mother in the kitchen, scrubbing the floor, already at work on her hands and knees to prepare the house for the Day of Rest. He went in to help her.

"Shall I make a fire?"

"Take off your dirty shoes and move the table out of the way."

Yes. It seemed to him appropriate to walk on his bare feet, as though on holy ground. He moved the table, and piled all the chairs in the corner and went down on his hands and knees himself to scrub the soapy floor. "Strength. Give me strength,"

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he prayed, resisting the temptation to ask his mother what they were going to eat. He fed the fire, and took down the cups to dust the cupboard and slowly but surely, as always just before the Sabbath, the immaculate kitchen calmed his nerves. He could see his face reflected from the pots and pans, the spoons in the drawer. The wooden floor shone. Everything seemed to glow with an inner radiance of its own, setting him at peace.

"Is there anything else?"

His mother shook her head. "You look tired. Why don't you rest?"

"What time is it?"

"I don't know."

"Yecheil will be home soon, don't you think?"

"Rest."

He sat by the stove with his eyes closed, warming his toes, and at first, when the kiss brushed his cheek, and he awoke with the narrow, bearded face almost touching his own, he was sure it was all a dream.

"You're back!" he cried, throwing his arms about his cousin's neck and kissing him on the mouth. "Is it really you? What time is it? Have I been sleeping again? Where's Mama?"

"She's gone out."

"Shopping?"

"Yes."

"Papa too?"

Yecheil nodded, drawing up a chair and the boy smiled. "How wonderful! Were they surprised? What will they buy, did they say?"

"A whitefish."

"No herring?"

"Not that I know of. Just a whitefish. Why?"

"But that's just the appetizer. What else?"

"The usual. Potatoes."

"That's probably for the *kugel*." He clapped his hands wtih excitement. "And?"

"That's all."

"You can tell me now. What is it? I know anyway. A chicken. Isn't that it? . . . No? What then? Of course! A brisket. I forgot. Papa likes a brisket better than a chicken any day. Not a brisket either? Then what? . . . Why do you keep shaking your head?"

"Because I don't understand. Where do you think we'd get the money to buy a brisket or a chicken?"

"Then how much money *did* you get?"

"A ruble."

"For all of the whips?"

"All of them?" Yecheil laughed. "Ah, I see. You've had a dream. No." He took the boy's hand. "I was lucky to be able to sell two. It took me all morning to sell two to the stable on Kruvelska Street for fifty kopeks apiece."

The boy stared at him without comprehending. "And that's the only place you went?"

"No."

"Then where else?"

"Let's see. Ah. Danilovichevska. The stable on the corner."

"But they bought nothing either."

"They were closed."

"And that's all."

"That's all."

"And Zlota Street?" asked the boy.

"Is that what you thought?"

"It's only what you said you were going to do."

"No."

"You did so. Ask Mama. Last night you said the groom on Zlota Street would buy all of your whips."

"And he would, if I say so, yes."

"Then why didn't you go?"

"Because," said Yecheil, "when I do, the money makes no difference. It . . ." he hesitated, tugging at his beard. "How can I explain?"

"No, there's no need. I understand."

"What's this? Before the Sabbath? Tears?"

"No tears. No."

"Where are you going?"

"Just inside. It's late. If you don't want to be late at the *mikveh*, you ought to go."

"Wait."

"For what? I told you. I understand. It's

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all right. It was childish of me. You had to say something."

"I told the truth."

"No. But what's so terrible? I don't mind. I know it's not your fault."

"Blow your nose."

"You mustn't speak to me as a child any more. I told you. I understand. It took me a long time, but I do. Yesterday, it was just what I told Mama. It isn't anybody's fault. There's just nothing else that any of us can do."

"No."

"Then what?"

"Get your coat," said Yecheil.

"Why?"

"Here. Button up. Button up. That's it. Haven't you got any gloves? Your hands are red. Where did I leave my whips?"

"Where are we going?"

"For the love of heaven. Will you please wipe your nose?"

In front of the tailor shop, the boy stumbled in the ankle-deep snow. "Don't stop! Don't stop!" Yecheil shouted, catching him up under the arm, but he stumbled again. Warming himself by the fire, one of the sentries laughed and shouted something, but the words were carried away by the wind that drove the falling snow down the length of the street. The soldier yelled again and shook his fist, but they had reached the corner. With the low, gray sky and the air filled with swirling flakes, the Prospect was almost in darkness, as though the sun had already set. Here and there a yellow oil lamp burned in a frosted window. They crossed the wide street and headed west. Ghostly figures, sheeted in snow, glided silently by them; a peasant in a fur cap, bent under a load of wood, a man in a military overcoat, with his head shrouded in a hood. As far as the boy could judge, they went west again, along a narrow maze of streets that he had never seen before, between red brick factory buildings whose smoking chimneys blackened the snow with soot. It began to snow even harder, in thick wet flakes that clung to the eyelashes and stuck to their clothes. Yecheil held the boy by the hand. The wind howled in his ears. Half blinded, unable to see anything but the dim, white shape before him, his thoughts became confused.

"West, or east? Near the river? . . . Who is he?" he wondered. "Is that the river? Where is he taking me?" He lost all sense of time.

They struggled on until the boy's body was numb and it required all of his will to put one foot in front of the other, and it wasn't until the wind had abruptly died away that he realized that they had entered an enclosed court of a block of flats, and halted once and for all. He wiped his face. There was an outside stairway, with a row of dripping icicles hanging from the iron rail, and to his right, almost directly before him, he could see a double wooden door.

"Your honor!" cried Yecheil, in Polish, but using the Russian form of address. "Your honor, let us in!"

"Who is it?" came a muffled voice.

"Your honor, open the door!" said Yecheil, pounding on it with his fist.

The door slid back, throwing the gleam of a lantern on the drifted snow.

"Who is it?" repeated a man in a leather apron. The falling snow obscured his face. ". . . The Jew! Don't tell me. The Jew has changed his mind." He gave a short, delighted laugh. "Who's that?"

"Only my cousin," said Yecheil. "Won't your honor let us in?"

"Come in. Come in, by all means."

"Thank his honor for his kindness," said Yecheil.

"I thank your honor," said the boy.

The huge room, echoing to his voice, smelled of rotting hay and manure. When his eyes became accustomed to the flickering light of a lantern hanging on the wall, he could see a shadowy row of wooden stalls in the rear, with horses in them. The man before him, thick-set and round-faced, with wide nostrils and watery blue eyes, scratched the shaven nape of his neck with an iron curry comb and grinned.

"What'd I tell you? Didn't I say you'd be back? You don't get an offer like mine every day."

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"It's true," said Yecheil. "Your honor is very kind." The snow in his beard and eyebrows was beginning to melt in huge glistening drops.

"Eh? Well? Then you agree? How many is it to be? How many whips have you got there? Ten? Twelve? I tell you what. I'll take them all. What do you want for all of them?" He jingled the coins in the pocket of his apron. "Six rubles? Seven?"

"Seven rubles?" asked David in astonishment.

"Look at him, will you? Will you just have a look at that boy!" laughed the groom, jingling the coins again. "You like the sound of that, eh? Eh? . . . Why, he's positively watering at the mouth. . . . Tsk. Tsk. A real Jew. So young, imagine that, and already a Jew." He held his sides and roared with laughter. In the rear, one of the horses stomped its hooves.

"I thought—to celebrate the Sabbath," stammered David, feeling himself flush to the roots of his hair.

"Of course. Of course. What's it to be? You can tell me, after all. What are you going to buy with all that money? . . . I know! A suckling, eh? Eh? Isn't that it? A roast suckling, brown and tender, with an apple in its mouth. . . ."

"Oh, no . . . that is . . . no, no suckling, your honor," said the boy. "We're not allowed. . . ."

The man threw back his head and roared again. It seemed to David that a full minute had passed before the echo of the laughter had died away. The restless horse brushed its flanks against the stall. The wall shook and the swinging lanterns made their shadows on the floor sway one way and the other in a slowly diminishing arc.

"Well, what do you say?" said the groom, turning to Yecheil.

". . . Ten whips."

"As many as you like."

"That's ten pulls."

"You know the offer," he said, shifting the comb from hand to hand. "Take it or leave it. Well?"

"Pulls?" asked David.

"Make up your mind. I haven't got all day."

"Pulls? I don't understand," repeated the boy.

"His honor has been kind enough to offer to buy a whip for every time I allow him to pull my beard," said Yecheil.

It was some kind of joke. The boy was sure of it. He looked from one to the other. The groom, grinning, cleared his throat with a curious, embarrassed air, and Yecheil was smiling too, with his mouth twisted to one side.

"Yes or no?" asked the groom. "I've got work to do. You're wasting my time."

"I know. I apologize, and if I may, I must again express my thanks to your honor," said Yecheil, bowing low from the waist.

The man took a step forward. "Then it's yes?"

"Ah, I must . . . I . . . no," said Yecheil. "No. Perhaps. . . . No, not today."

"No, eh?" said the groom.

Still bent, without raising his eyes, and with a wave of his arm, a gesture for the boy to follow him, Yecheil began to turn toward the partly opened door.

"No?"

The turn was completed. He had reached the threshold and straightened up, but it was too late. The curry comb clanged to the floor and the thick, muscled arm of the groom shot out, all in one motion, one sound, as though an iron bolt had been shot to bar the door. The boy heard the horse snort and stomp again in the stall, and a quick, sharp intake of breath, a little grunt. Crouching down, with his back against the wall and his arms in front of his face, he saw only a part of what happened. He only caught a glimpse of the groom's face, the flaring nostrils and watery eyes. There was no malice in them, or even amusement, or delight; a certain dullness, rather, a matter of factness that frightened him even more. It was as though he were beating a horse. Holding Yecheil's face up by the beard, his right fist rose and fell. "No, eh? No, eh? No?" The horse was growing more excited.

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Again the lantern swayed and the shadows moved back and forth. A whinny filled the air, and the sound of splintering wood.

"Yes, yes," the groom muttered under his breath. "In a minute, damn you. One minute more." David shut his eyes. "No, eh?" Then there was a silence. He was aware that the groom had grabbed him by the left arm, wrenching his shoulder. Then he was being dragged across the floor toward the door.

THEY sat for a time in the court, underneath the stairway. The icicles were beginning to melt. It had stopped snowing at last and the darkening sky was beginning to clear, showing ragged patches of yellow and blue in the east, and an occasional ray of the declining sun. From the street came the creak of an ungreased axle as a horse-drawn cart went by.

"You heard him," said Yecheil. "Seven rubles for a few pulls of the beard. . . ." He spoke with difficulty. His lower lip was slit at the corner. His cheek was bruised and his left eye swollen almost shut. "Ah, I can see it. . . . You still don't understand."

"You refused," said David. "If you refuse, then why do you come?"

"Because he gives me a choice. . . . Yes. . . . Don't you see?" He dabbed at his lip and spat blood.

"Sit down."

"No, no, it's nothing. . . . And why? For that very reason . . . because I have a choice. I refuse . . . it . . . how shall I say it? I . . . och!"

"Sit down and put some snow on your face."

"Listen to me!" The shut eye, as though he were winking, gave his face a peculiar, sly expression. "Listen. . . . You see, you were wrong. . . . There's always a choice to be made." Again he spat blood and began to cough violently. "Remember that," he said, gasping for breath. "Remember that and rejoice. . . . Rejoice. . . . Praise Him. . . . God provides."

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THE AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN MINDS COMPARED

An Essay in Definition

FRANCIS GOLFFING

FRANCIS GOLFFING, poet and critic, is a professor in the English department at Bennington College. He has contributed both verse and essays to COMMENTARY, the latter including "The Public Voice: Remarks on Poetry Today" (together with Barbara Gibbs), July 1959; and "What Manner of Man Was Hitler?" February 1953. In connection with the present essay, Mr. Golffing writes: "The author spent his formative years in Central Europe and in England, before settling, in 1940, in the United States. His double focus—along with the inevitable distortions such a focus entails—may be attributed to his translation, at a crucial period of his life, from one cultural setting to another. He may plead in excuse that, having had the best of two worlds, he has also had the worst, and that any serious imbalance in his views bespeaks, simply, the limitations of his own temperament. The affection he feels for American culture is neither greater nor less than what he feels for Europe; rather, it is different, the quick response to a certain rawness in our scene which mirrors, perhaps, a rawness within himself: just as in his reactions to Europe it is his classical and humanistic self that pricks up its ears once the password is sounded."

THERE can be no doubt about it: ours is an age most favorable to a general exchange of persons. With or without benefit of such agencies as the Fulbright Commission, writers, painters, teachers ply freely between this continent and Europe; cosmopolitan attitudes are the order of the day and any insistence on national characteristics or peculiarities is readily decried as parochialism. That this interchange has not yet reached the full proportions of a two-way traffic is due to material rather than psychological causes. Europeans today are as eager to explore the American scene as we are to explore Europe, and their relative lag (which, one often fears, may continue indefinitely) is strictly a matter of funds. For the European intellectual, with his chronic indigence, transatlantic travel is still an extraordinarily difficult enterprise, and in many cases entirely out of the question.

American intellectuals have certainly far greater opportunities of scanning a foreign scene, in all its complexity. It is fortunate that no comparable inequality prevails in the field of human relations. Whether as guest lecturers, or visiting artists, or simply as tourists, we mingle freely with like-minded Europeans and they with us. Provided both parties take the necessary trouble, they can get to know each other unreservedly and exhaustively, assess one another's stature, and study such preconceptions and limitations as inhere, of necessity, in either culture.

The results of this mutual scrutiny are, as often as not, disturbing rather than reassuring. So far from making for a general *rapprochement,* the accelerated rate of cultural interchange seems to have led to an increase in national suspicions—bearing, in some cases, on mores and local custom, but more frequently on the essential solidity of what the other half represents: their attitude toward experience, outlook on life, call it what you will. Differences which, while viewed from a safe distance, seemed easy of composition now loom larger than ever and are made positively grating by close contact. The new familiarity has not bred general contempt, but neither has it promoted that intimate understanding which might reasonably have been expected; we

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are as wary of the manner in which the European mind operates as they are of our own mental, social, political operations, and not infrequently bitterness supervenes on this mutual caution. I shall try to show some of the reasons for that failure of communication, placing deliberate stress on those differences which seem to me so radical as to be, in all probability, incapable of thorough adjustment.

To begin with, the European intellectual exhibits a different structure of ideas and emotions. His ideas are organized hierarchically, while those of his American counterpart are most generally patterned in a lateral, "democratic" manner. Admittedly, there is an obvious temptation here to present the dichotomy as more clear-cut than the evidence warrants. Many American writers of distinction have adopted intermediate solutions, combining "vertical" and "horizontal" elements of structure in accordance with their peculiar temper or genius. Perhaps the most striking example of such an "adjusted ceiling" is provided by Emerson, who constantly tempers his supreme, ruling ideas by a democratic conviction that these ideas must never be allowed to become monoliths. His notions of the deity, of the supreme good, etc., are all conceived pluralistically, and this pluralism creates quite naturally a pacific rather than eristic intellectual climate—peaceful coexistence of ideas in the place of cold war. Take the following for an example: "God is our name for the last generalization in which we can arrive, and, of course, its sense differs today and tomorrow. But never compare your generalization with your neighbor's. Speak now, and let him hear you and go his way. Tomorrow, or next year, let him speak, and answer thou not. So shall you both speak truth and be of one mind; but insist on comparing your two thoughts; or insist on hearing in order of battle, and instantly you are struck with blindness, and will grope and stagger like a drunken man" (*Journals*, 1838). More recent examples of what might be called "undogmatic hierarchizing" are to be found in the writings of Charles Peirce and Kenneth Burke.

Nevertheless, a general distinction can be drawn between the European's affection for hierarchical movement and the American's distrust of it. These different biases find their clear expression in the syntactical modes of the American and European intellectual, respectively. American styles of inquiry run to coordinative grammatical structures, with propositions easily juxtaposed and a wide use of connectives of the "and" or "but" variety, while Europeans—regardless of language and background—favor a vertical type of grammar with intricate and carefully graduated dependencies. In part, this difference can of course be traced to technical idiosyncrasies of the languages themselves, or to factors of personal temperament. Yet discrepancy of idea-structure is of major importance here, a point that can be proved without going outside the language at all; any close semantic comparison between British and American prose—will support it.

IF THIS approach seems too formalistic to some readers, they need only examine the respective patterns of value judgment to arrive at the same conclusion. All European writers—including poets—tend to structure their ideas in a vertical sequence which terminates in a ceiling or "god term." That "god term" may be either openly stated or implicit, "understood" by the audience to which the writer addresses himself, while, at the substantive level, it may either be spiritual (religious, morally assertive, etc.) or materialistic (atheistically or agnostically weighted, in any case subversive of "spiritual" values sanctioned by tradition). It hardly seems necessary to cite examples of the affirmative variety. Restricting the field for the moment to philosophy only, we are faced with an unbroken succession of spiritual ceiling terms from the pre-Socratic thinkers down to Heidegger and Sartre. From the cardinal and supreme elements (fire, water, etc.) in the early Ionian philosophy of nature to Kant's categorical im-

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perative, Hegel's *Weltgeist*, Schopenhauer's *Will*, Bergson's *durée* and *mémoire*, Heidegger's *Sein*, we find concepts—aptly embodied in master terms—which orient the process of inquiry toward themselves in a pyramidal manner. The basically equivocal character of such terms has repeatedly been pointed out, in our own day by Kenneth Burke, who would see all philosophical ceiling terms as synonyms for the godhead itself. This equivocation—or evasion—may be prompted by an unacknowledged taboo or by a determined effort to secularize the divine. Rarely, if ever, is the substitution of "profane" ceilings for religious ones prompted by the inquirer's wish to functionalize a ladder originally conceived in substantive, hierarchical terms. Hegel's *Weltgeist* and Bergson's *durée* may seem to come close to energetic concepts in the contemporary sense, but even they denote reigning *substances*—finely attenuated and distributed substances, to be sure, but substances nevertheless. They both govern and coordinate all sublunary events, and their influence on what happens in nature is as pervasive as was the influence of the ether in earlier cosmologies. The notion that forces interpenetrate in nature without any pre-orientation toward a superior end is a notion that strikes even those European thinkers who perforce admit its truth as extremely disquieting. Bridgman's famous pronouncement: "We have seen that our meanings are to be found on the level of activities" is characteristic not of the pragmatistic approach only but of a spontaneous feeling shared—though the level of perception may vary—by the majority of Americans. Yet that same proposition caused a profound shock to my American-trained and mildly pragmatist students in the University of Berlin.

Negative or "subversive" god terms are less commonly encountered,* but both the Darwinian and Marxist systems furnish ample evidence of such structuring. American thought has always mistrusted vertical arrangements of this kind, not only from an inductive bias native to it, but even more from a hatred—equally ingrained—of all feudal or aristocratic implications. The relative unsuccess of Marxism in this country may be seen as the product of a double suspicion: the suspicion of deductive reasoning, system-building, on one hand, and—paradoxical as this might seem at first glance—of feudal structuring on the other. The ultimate triumph of the proletariat seems to us no better than absolute kingship, of which it is the dialectical inversion. (To many Americans, this inversion has become a political fact in Russia. Others prefer to think that victory has been wrested from the proletariat by an oligarchy composed of military men, commissars, and other political careerists. This division in American opinion is of no consequence as regards my main point. Both factions view tyrannical overlordship with equal dislike, no matter who—one thinks—happens to exercise it.)

THERE doubtless exists a historical connection between the pro-feudal bias and deductive reasoning, as witnessed by such examples as Leibniz and Hobbes (and Marx, if we allow the first term its widest compass). This connection is generally recognized in this country but, at the same time, bowdlerized (except by scholars) to a deplorable degree. To the charge of intellectual tyranny another and even more damning charge is not infrequently added—that of utopianism, with utter disregard for the impressive utopian elements in our own past (and the rather less noble utopian strain in our present). Here the weakness of any purely national perspective becomes most sharply apparent. It is as difficult for Americans to disassociate system-building, feudal bias (both straight and inverted), and utopianism as it is for Europeans to disassociate a complementary triad attributed to Americans: exclusive reliance on induction, a tendency to "level down," and pragmatism.

*e.g. Hobbes's state of universal war (*bellum omnium contra omnes*) Darwin's "struggle for existence," "survival of the fittest"; Marx's "triumph of the proletariat"; at a metaphysical level, Heidegger's *Sorge* and *Nichten des Nichts*, which dramatize his positive god-terms, *Sein* and *Das Seiende*.

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Respecting the first difficulty, I refer the reader to Lincoln Reis's review of Hannah Arendt's *The Human Condition,* which appeared in the June 1959 issue of COMMENTARY. There is no denying that many of the reviewer's points are well taken: Miss Arendt does, on countless occasions, expose herself to criticism, both on factual and ideological grounds. The authorities she quotes in support of her arguments sometimes fail to support these arguments. But Mr. Reis would not let it go at that: he talks himself into a veritable fury of obloquy until Miss Arendt emerges, in the reader's mind, as the contemporary exemplar of European pseudo-scholarship. The review makes lively reading, but its author sins by the very same lack of discrimination and proportion which he attributes, not unjustly, to Miss Arendt. None of the genuine insights of the book are as much as alluded to; moreover, Mr. Reis suggests very strongly that every attempt at synthesizing what the individual disciplines have discovered about our society is not only foolish but fraudulent; that the very concept of such a synthesis is utopian, tyrannical, and so should be resisted by all right-thinking persons. Clearly, the unstated premise is that any talk about the nature of society—any society—is pointless, since society in itself has no nature but yields its meaning solely through an analysis of its activities.

Miss Arendt's perfectly acceptly triad "Labor," "Work," "Action," is accused of "not standing for separable activities," and consequently discounted—in the manner of Stuart Chase—as empty word-juggling. Hegel is dragged in as the archetypal whipping-boy of enlightened empiricism, and saddled with the ultimate responsibility for Miss Arendt's flights of dialectical fancy. Her rather complex attitude toward science and technology, too, comes in for its share of simplification, and the understandable concern she shows for the future of mankind is dismissed as "cultural pessimism" in the vein of Spengler. Her book, in short, is not a serious work of inquiry: rather "Dr. Arendt gives us a Sunday-supplement apocalypse; why should its tremors linger past breakfast?"

I am not concerned here with the merits or demerits of Miss Arendt's book. What interests me is the style of Mr. Reis's attack: his mixture of vehemence and insinuation; the contempt he expresses for what, after all, must have been a matter of some urgency to Miss Arendt; his denying of any scholarly qualification to an author who in the past has proved her distinction in more than one field. I should be very much mistaken if his real business were not to kill, by scotching a representative sample, that hydra-headed lust for speculative syntheses which, from Aristotle down, has been a peculiarly European obsession; to give vent to his anti-feudal animus (even if she were guilty of every other intellectual crime Mr. Reis charges, Miss Arendt can hardly be accused of "elite-thinking," or of any wholesale glorification of the past); to lecture all Europe, via Miss Arendt, that "verbal identities do not necessarily point to identities in the world." Over against the European's arrogance in intellectual matters we have here a case of its American counterpart, more familiar to us but hardly more attractive. One would not like to choose between the systematizer and the debunker, especially when both parties are tainted by brashness.

PUTTING the shoe on the other foot, we find Matthew Arnold—and countless Europeans after him—fulminating against the American lack of structure, of discrimination in every department of life, along with an ingrained commitment to mercenary motives. With the single exception of D. H. Lawrence, whose extraordinary insight enabled him to redress the balance in the end, none of the distinguished European writers on America has succeeded in getting beyond first conceptions in his assessment of the American mentality. Credit is often given for widespread courtesy and individual kindness, but American institutions are usually condemned wholesale and the American people almost invariably described as more or less innocent victims

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of unscrupulous reigning cliques: financial magnates, newspaper owners, politicians. The benign dispensations of the Old World are sanctimoniously held up for supreme models, all attempts at an egalitarian society written off as "leveling."

Here is Matthew Arnold: "The Americans are restless, eager to better themselves, and to make fortunes; the inhabitant does not strike his roots lovingly down into the soil, as in rural England. . . . They have produced plenty of men strong, shrewd, upright, able, effective; very few who are highly distinguished. . . . It seems that nothing will embolden an American critic to say firmly and aloud to his countrymen and to his newspapers that in America they do not solve the human problem successfully." What Arnold resents most about America is its lack of interest and elevation; and the two lacks are clearly interdependent. "Everything in America is against the sense of elevation to be gained through admiring and respecting distinction. The glorification of the 'average man,' which is quite a religion with statesmen and publicists, is against it. The addiction to the 'funny man,' who is the national misfortune there, is against it." He quotes Carlyle's advice to a prospective emigrant: "You shall never seriously meditate crossing the great salt pool to plant yourself in Yankeeland. That is a miserable fate for anyone, at best; never dream of it. Could you banish yourself from all that is *interesting* to your mind, forget the history, the glorious institutions, the noble principles of old Scotland—that you might eat a better dinner, perhaps?" And Arnold adds: "There is our word launched —the word *interesting*. I but take note, in the word *interesting*, of a requirement, a cry of aspiration, a cry not sounding in the imaginative Carlyle's own breast only, but sure of a response in his brother's breast also, and in human nature." Here is Dickens, in the *American Notes*: "It would be well, there can be no doubt, for the American people, if they loved the Real less, and the Ideal somewhat more." The American Real, for Dickens, is identical, to all intents and purposes, with practicality; from this it is only one step to smart dealing, trickery. Trickery (that least respectable branch of the inductive method) is seen as one of our main national characteristics: "Another prominent feature is the love of 'smart' dealing. . . . The following dialogue I have held a hundred times: 'Is it not a very disagreeable circumstance that So and So should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous . . . means, and notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your citizens? He is a public nuisance, is he not?' 'Yes, sir.' 'A convicted liar?' 'Yes, sir.' 'He has been kicked and cuffed and caned?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And he is utterly dishonorable, debased, and profligate?' 'Yes, sir.' 'In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?' 'Well, sir, he is a smart man.'"

D. H. Lawrence, though both shrewder and more sympathetic, constantly overstresses the American uneasiness arising from camouflaged hierarchies and lingering taboos: "Liberty is all very well, but men cannot live without masters. There is always a master. And men either live in glad obedience to the master they believe in, or they live in a frictional opposition to the master they wish to undermine. In America this frictional opposition has been the vital factor. It has given the Yankee his kick. Only the continual influx of more servile Europeans has provided America with an obedient labouring class." "Americans have always been at a certain tension. Their liberty is a thing of sheer will, sheer tension: a liberty of THOU SHALT NOT. And it has been so from the first. The land of THOU SHALT NOT.

THE concept inviting the sharpest transatlantic opprobrium is not, as one might expect, our pragmatic way of thinking—though this too comes in for its share of obloquy—but our notion of democratic process (or personal drive). Over against our own facile and profoundly incorrect image of a European reasoning from inflexible premises and striving for impossible ends we find, fixed invariably in *his* mind, the

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image of the American as a robot dividing his working time between the compilation of senseless statistics and the glorification of mass rule; at best, as a type wholly will-driven and unblessed with the faculty of contemplation.

Much of this misunderstanding doubtless derives from incompatible notions as to the place of the imagination in the human scheme. The European does not question our imaginative strength as a nation, and he likes our art, architecture, literature well enough. But he can be heard to complain, time and again, of our total lack of imagination in the social sciences—especially psychology and political science—and of our tendency to plod where bold leaps and assumptions, or forestalled conclusions, would seem to be called for. Closely allied to the topic of imagination is that of fantasy; here too Europeans register strong disagreement. Outside the realm of technical fantasy, this country has never excelled in or deeply responded to the fantastic. The extravaganzas to which Disney and the comic strips have conditioned us strike the European intellectual as jejune or desperate: why such deliriums of fatuousness should elicit belly laughs (or genial, complacent smiles) is quite incomprehensible to him. What he suspects most in these exhibitions of mirth is the intense emphasis on speed and other quantitative relations, and the use of these elements only—to the exclusion of all qualitative vehicles of metamorphosis—for the alteration of everyday reality. The American non-sequitur differs from the Surrealist non-sequitur not so much in its disregard for climactic structure *per se* as in its ready recourse to cliché climaxes, which by supplying elements of the expected tend to destroy the very foundation of fantasy. Or so it would seem to most Europeans: men and women little awed by technical bravura in the service of stock effects, and disdainful even of the moments of pure fun that may be produced in the course of such high jinks.

But what Europeans really object to cuts deeper than this: it is our basic division of life into a serious and a humorous side, the former to be treated in dead earnest, the latter to be enjoyed thoughtlessly, with a temporary suspension of every normal criterion of value. Europeans don't mind playing fast and loose with "serious ideas" or building cloud castles in earnest—activities much frowned upon in these parts.* On the other hand, they demand an admixture of "meaning" even of their most innocent leisure-time fun. It is for this reason that European intellectuals visiting the United States find the tone which prevails at our cocktail parties not only vapid but positively obnoxious. Our studied avoidance of professional talk "after hours," our propensity for good-natured banter on (mildly) festive occasions, our civil attempts at social gatherings to put by all private anguish or idiosyncrasy and strike a pitch of discourse that would be agreeable to the group as a whole—all these national conventions (and, to us, amenities) violate a deep-seated European prejudice: the prejudice (to them, judgment) that it is absurd for intellectuals to draw a distinction between leisure and labor, that the full exercise of the mind allows of no pause or respite, and that by talking to your fellow intellectual as you would to your broker or grocer you are making it only too clear that you hold him in contempt. In this, as in many other matters of social consequence, local conventions collide head-on. We cannot brook the Europeans' misplaced solemnity, or they our misplaced levity.

Turning from values and convictions to methods of discourse, patterns of inquiry, we encounter another marked con-

*It has always seemed to me that what our neo-Freudians most strongly resent in the Viennese master is neither his pessimistic view of man nor his pansexualism (the points most generally stressed by adverse criticism from within) but his reckless system-building, which has resulted in such magnificent and unverifiable "inventions" as the Eros/Thanatos conflict and the Oedipus complex. Freud's bold hypostatization of such notions—which might have been acceptable to our national temper had they been presented as mere working hypotheses—struck his American followers at once as morally indefensible in a man pretending to the status of a scientific investigator.

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trast between European and American practice, and a fresh source of mutual embarrassment.* Since his order of values is vertical, culminating in a grand metaphor or abstraction, the European intellectual moves from rung to rung on his ladder: whether the movement is up or down makes little difference so long as both bottom and ceiling are constantly kept in view. This progression may be dialectically complicated by the use of the Hegelian method or it may be simplified until it comes to resemble the standard type of induction. But no matter what form or direction European discourse may take, it must always be anchored in some major abstraction. Its drift will tend toward that abstraction unless the abstraction itself can be used as a point of departure.

By comparison, the dominant styles of American discourse, from Emerson down to our own day, seem free-wheeling and intellectually casual, no matter how tight they may be in a purely formal sense. Their richness of lateral connections does not make up, to European observers, for a pervasive neglect of normative structure. Our writers on metaphysics and other purely cognitive matters lack conceptual rigor; the notable exceptions being C. S. Peirce who, characteristically, has had fewer followers in this country than in England and Central Europe, and Santayana, whose intellectual make-up was Mediterranean. Our native distrust of tradition—especially European tradition—has made us extremely skeptical of any act of high conceptualization: we suspect abstract ideas and abstractive language, or feel uneasy in their presence, while the European intellectual glories in them and shows a corresponding allergy to the realm of the concrete. Conversely, Americans favor generalizations (that offspring, not always legitimate, of induction) as another deployment in breadth, where the European intellectual would use those same generalizations with extreme caution, or not at all. There are important exceptions to this rule—the names of Spengler and Toynbee come immediately to mind—but I doubt that the rule can be seriously challenged.

This is not the place to attempt a comparative study of styles. But a further point needs to be made, which has to do with texture rather than structure. Good American writers are as concerned with precision and *le mot juste* as their European colleagues but, unlike their colleagues, deprecate any sort of spectacular writing, anything that might be classed—to borrow a phrase from the movies—as "special effects." They would rather be admirably consistent than consistently admirable. They may strike out a provocative statement now and again, one whose odd tilt or epigrammatic finish arrests the reader momentarily, but they avoid crowding their discourse with formulations which, by their brilliance, threaten to swamp its sobriety. Once again, there are notable exceptions: Thoreau and Emerson; in recent years, Kenneth Burke, Randall Jarrell, Mary McCarthy; but on the whole it can safely be said that American prose discourse aims for an unobtrusive surface, without exciting interruptions or moments that are linguistically memorable. This disregard or positive dislike for quotableness may be taken as still another sign of the anti-aristocratic bias referred to above.

Our trained eye for fact and the concatenation of facts; our sure grasp of such causal connections as are tolerably direct and available to the intelligence alone; our science-dominated training which makes us early aware of the pitfalls of inductive reasoning and teaches us to proceed cautiously, step by step—all these are virtues neither widely practiced nor greatly prized by European intellectuals, but solid virtues nevertheless. And our capacity for self-effacement—often resulting in our anonymity as writers—may be viewed as still another asset, whenever the subject treated calls for mental asceticism, a playing down of personal

*The following discussion is concerned with non-scientific discourse only. In the natural sciences the distinctions I am trying to make either do not exist or can be dismissed as negligible, since both the working assumptions and the language of science have become international.

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idiosyncrasy. It is for these reasons that we excel the Europeans in certain types of expository prose, though we may fall below their standard in others. Our most successful discursive writing is done by naturalists, top-flight reporters or correspondents, field anthropologists (Boas, Sapir, Whorf) and writers on technical subjects, rather than by philosophers, critics, and aestheticians. Our news style, at its best, has no match on the other side of the Atlantic (though imitations of it can be found in abundance) and the same may be said of almost any other branch of literature where close documentation, a skillful, dispassionate marshaling of evidence, are the chief requirements. Clearly, our most conspicuous talents lie in the direction of descriptive, non-normative organization, and it is fortunate that our natural bent should make us desirous to stay, in the main, within the bounds of the factual.* Whenever we indulge in idea-mongering after the European model (as we do, periodically, in our political oratory and journalism, and in our writings on ethics or education) we are liable to become diffuse, bathetic or simply uninteresting: neither our conceptual tradition nor our rhetoric is of the kind that will readily support forays into unstructured—or foreign-structured—ranges of inquiry.

LAST, I wish to discuss briefly an aspect of the American-European tension which, while it pertains neither to values nor to modes and methods, has had a profound influence on both: the sense of time—past, passing, and future. American intellectuals, it is generally conceded, are future-oriented while the Europeans' orientation is toward the past. But certain complexities arising from this basic division in attitude are not always clearly perceived. The European intellectual both admires and fears the past—deeply afraid that he might not be able to live up to its standard. (Or, in the case of "subversives" like Feuerbach, Marx, and Brecht, that its dead weight will crush us unless we remake or re-mint it. In these instances fear of the past predominates, but since it is mixed with awe, even with reluctant admiration, the attitude remains ambivalent. The Marxists' fierce and tortured constructions of the future only complicate their time-stance further, by adding to it new elements of ambivalence.) The American is proud of the future possibilities of his country yet feels anxious about them. As for his past, his concern with it is tenuous by European standards: his references to say, the Revolutionary period or the Civil War are apt to sound hollow to listeners from overseas. (I am speaking of the average intellectual, not of the professional scholar.) If this observation is correct, it would indicate that the American intellectual's severance from his past has been more thorough than the European's, partly through Freudian repression of the pre-Independence phase, partly through his displacement of projective energy from past to future and the resulting atrophy of a particular kind of imagination. Europeans miss retrospective imagination in us, just as we deplore their lack of futuristic drive and their limited sense of forward plastic vision.†

These different time schemes go a long way toward explaining some of the cultural contrasts that were mentioned earlier, and

*It is curious all the same that, with the superb example of Yankee irony ready to hand—the equal, in some respects, of what Gide or Kierkegaard achieved by this mode—our literary uses of irony should have remained so underdeveloped. Exceptions like Benjamin Franklin or Ambrose Bierce are few and far between.

†An excellent statement stressing the positive value of our "futuristic" orientation is the following, by Katherine Hoskins, in *Hudson Review*, Spring 1959: "I can't pin it down, but that lack of the past is a part of the new element the U.S. has given the world. I sometimes think that our volatility, our lack of memory, our wastefulness and other qualities that seem weaknesses could be the virtues of two hundred years from now. I can imagine a new ethos, a different hierarchy of values into which our characteristics would fit. . . . A world more fluid, more abstract—wherein all things are easily picked up, easily put down. A world without monuments and where one didn't save string, and of present rationality and charm. Wherein the ego has learned grace and poetry and uses them."

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others that were not: the home-made look of American philosophy, as against the smooth professionalism, heavy with precedent, of so much European thought; our rough-and-ready manners—the manners of people who cannot anticipate the *past* of a relationship, only its present haphazard growth—compared with the formalities, both elaborate and cautious, of European courtesy; our instinctive trust in the other fellow's integrity, until proof to the contrary is forthcoming, compared with European misanthropy; our unconcern with death, that most blatant and universal past fact which we try to expunge from our own future; our belief in the perfectibility of the human species which provokes such an acid response not from "original sinners" only but from Europeans quite generally.

The upshot of this inquiry is not especially heartening, nor was it meant to be. But neither should it give rise to any undue pessimism regarding the intellectual relations between America and Europe. In many ways (some of them ways of the mind) we seem to be getting along swimmingly—all too swimmingly. I have stressed the areas in which failure of communication occurs, and very probably will continue to occur, not because these seem the most important to me but because they are areas in which confusion has been allowed to reign unchecked; and if not confusion, bewilderment. The responsibility for this state of affairs is evenly divided between America and Europe. Once their specific differences are fully apprehended by the intellectuals of both cultures, there is hope—not of a final composition of these differences but of a relationship that would be fully complementary. It is not enough to know what we owe one another. For each needs the other, not only as creditor needs debtor, and debtor creditor, but for constant reference and correction; in short, complete humanity, integrity of experience.

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

A Country Place for City People

JOSEPHINE HERBST

IF IT is not so easy to trace the historic developments that have taken place in Bucks County, it is possible to discover the point at which the locality became fashionable. It is customary to attribute the rise of Bucks County as a fashion to the presence of Hollywood and Broadway writers who, in the 30's, began to make their homes here. There is no doubt that when Moss Hart, George Kaufman, Budd Schulberg, Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell, Ruth and Gus Goetz "lived here"—though finally in as transitory a way as "Washington slept here"—the publicity value of Bucks County was exploited by the inevitable train of gossip columnists and slick magazines looking for copy. But the intimation that Bucks County was emerging from the anonymity of just another Pennsylvania place came from a less publicized source.

When Holger Cahill wrote a monograph on the importance of early American folk art for the Newark Museum in 1930, he could no more have foreseen the consequences than Van Gogh could have imagined that the theme of his life would one day be contorted for the movies. There is no straight line between Cahill's monograph and the costume jewelry that began to appear in the 30's utilizing for their designs the angels in the old birth certificates. But the interest in Pennsylvania folk art, confined previously to connoisseurs and antiquarians, began to have repercussions that affected people who never intended to put a foot inside a museum.

In a decade when the future of banks was doubtful, antiques began to look like a good investment to people who still had money to invest. In the early 30's when Henry Ford bought up the entire contents of the old Fountain House in Doylestown, with every piece of furniture, every china washbowl and pitcher as intact as it had been in the time of George Washington, antique dealers multiplied. The auction sale, once a colorful local affair where neighbors came to bid on the furnishings of a house finally changing hands, now drew buyers from all parts of the county and from beyond.

The depression also accelerated an interest in real estate. You might not be able to take it with you, but as long as you were here you had something more substantial than fluctuating stocks and bonds. The real estate values in Bucks County had not altered appreciably for a hundred years. You could buy a beautiful old stone house with a hundred acres of field and woodland for $4,000 or less, on easy terms. New Yorkers, who had never given a thought to Pennsylvania, now discovered that Bucks County was only sixty-five miles distant. The movement out of the city had begun after the First World War, but mostly to New England. Rural areas in Connecticut and Westchester no longer provided a buyer's market.

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What's more, Bucks County presented a general atmosphere of *laissez-faire* that was enticing. Newcomers were not prodded to give an account of themselves on grounds of race, religion, or politics. There was not only no curiosity, there was outright indifference. You weren't going to be urged to join anything; the local minister wasn't going to call. Nudity might be more shocking than adultery. But the mild moral flurry caused by rumors of sun-bathing on the part of the city folks soon passed with the changing fashions in clothes and cars. In the early days, slacks worn to the shopping center made a woman conspicuous, but on questions of human relations there was a great deal of tolerance. The old toll-keeper who collected the two cents for pedestrians, ten cents for cars, over the long covered bridge then crossing the Delaware, once stopped us to ask, "What do you folks think of this companionable marriage proposition?" He read the papers assiduously and had unearthed Judge Lindsay's recommendations for "companionate marriage" which he had transformed to a handsome compliment. When we said we hadn't given the idea much thought, he cackled that there was a lot of it going on, on our side of the Delaware, and cited several characters who had long practiced the art, including a respectable widow whose bachelor boarder was surely united to her in closer ties. Old widowers often had "housekeepers" and the young frequently only went to the marriage altar with the approach of a first child.

Though the group of Broadway and Hollywood homeowners drew public attention to the charms of Bucks County, they were not among the first to percolate from New York, nor were they to be the last. There were actually three waves of migration. The first began toward the end of the 20's. The second in the mid-30's comprised not only Hollywood and Broadway people but journalists and professionals on the periphery of the arts. The third group, following the Second World War, has been the most substantial. They might be GI's, or young couples who were being pressed out of the big cities in the search for space and country air in which to bring up their children. Many of them commuted to New York, swelling the number of cars parked around the railway station at Flemington from a dozen to from three to four hundred.

The first group were all young, mostly childless, and of the rebel generation of the 20's. Though there were few actual writers among them, they shared literary tastes. They might hold varying opinions on the value of *Ulysses* or Gertrude Stein, but their general views on human affairs were *simpatico*. Without exception they were a curiously unworldly lot who were apt to fall in love with the first house they saw and to be unwilling to shop around for a better buy. They weren't looking for a profitable investment and it never occurred to any of them that in a relatively short time the value of their holdings might skyrocket to many times the original price. Most of them bought on a shoestring and held a substantial mortgage. The majority of this group were priced out by the 30's and gave up.

The old farmhouses were being abandoned by families that had held on to them for generations. Historic necessity was liquidating the land as farming property. The small plots on the hillside, which were the kind of farms found in many parts of the county, could not compete in a period that was already bringing depression to the farmer long before it hit the general population. Some of the old houses had been empty for years. Others had been purchased by foreign-born workers who had accumulated savings in the cities. The house which John Herrmann and I came to own had passed from its original Pennsylvania family to a Czech machine-tool worker two years before. He had piled up ten thousand dollars as a part-time bootlegger in New York, and in buying the former grist mill, with a house and some eighteen acres of woodland and brook, he hoped to continue his profitable activity in more salubrious air. But his wife had contracted the drink habit while he had amassed the profits, and in a short time after they arrived in the country, she died. When we got the place, we inherited his still, and even gingerly operated it once or twice. But it was a tricky business and we soon discovered that practically every local character operated a still for rye whiskey.

When John Dos Passos stayed in an old

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house in the spring of 1928 to finish *The 42nd Parallel*, he was even suspected of being a Federal agent. It was his custom to take long walks at the end of his working day and many roads led to nothing more than a man's private backyard. Seeing his hasty retreat, the local people became suspicious. A little delegation called on us one evening to air their doubts. They were even proposing to "ride him out." But it took no more than a little visit to the doubting farmers with Dos Passos in tow to quiet the tremors. Good rye was passed all around and the conspiracy cemented human relations.

There is no doubt that Prohibition helped make relations easy between the early newcomers and the local folk. Appreciation of liquor was the one sure taste in common and it was convivial. Buying bootleg rye meant more than getting hooch. It meant entrance into a man's home on terms of confidence. You met his wife, talked with his kids and got acquainted with the cat, the dog and the live-stock. There was often good cooking going on; you might be offered a taste of it. It was risky; a man might get clapped into the local jug for it and sometimes did. But risk has never stopped people from the joys of conspiring. The odd thing about the local population was that they were all for Hoover in the 1928 election and he was hardly a liquor man. There were only two placards for Al Smith in our neighborhood and one was on our barn, but the entire inside of the covered bridge held tiny pictorials showing Al with his foot on the rail toasting the Pope. When a contraband beer truck fell through one of the bridges of the canal that summer, cars from miles around bearing the slogan "Vote for Hoover" bore down on the area, each driver determined to fish a keg from the water before the "federals" arrived.

But there were other elements making for amenities in the earlier days. If you cared about hunting you were certain to make friends. In the lower part of the county there are a number of fox-hunting squires, but in the part where most of the newcomers were settling, hunting was for the native population. Nathanael West was the only man from the city who ever went out for hunting in a big way with dog and gun. But even I owned a gun and learned to be a good shot by aiming at tin cans. When the day came when I had to shoot a couple of invading copperheads and did, it won me respect from people who didn't care if I ever wrote a book or not. As Pep West put it, hunting wasn't just hunting. You might spend an entire day with nothing to show for it. Or at the last moment the whirr of wings would bring the final excitement. But it was the leisurely strolling, the wading in deep grass, the crossing a field that a farmer might close to everybody but a hunter—for he was certain to be one himself—the aimless talk, the camaraderie of the sport that he claimed made it so rewarding. In the 30's there was many a local family that counted on the hunting season to provide them with a store of meat. Canned pheasant and canned rabbit were too tempting not to incite to poaching beyond the prescribed amount. Hunting in the company of local men in those days implied that you had been admitted to their secret lodge.

It wasn't only that people were poor in the 30's. Many of the local citizens had been going down hill for some time. The deeds to fine old stone houses bore the names of families who now owned little more than a small frame house. There was only one house in the village that we used to refer to as "the rich woman's house." It was a square Victorian house, by no means a mansion, but the owner had the distinction of living on an income, going to Florida every winter, and employing a handyman to weed her garden. The ways of life for the early newcomers and the old native population were much the same. There was no electricity; you had oil lamps. You cooked on a kerosene stove in summer; in winter on a coal or wood range. My range had a shiny metal plate on the oven door with its name boldly engraved in Spencerian script, "Alpine Canopy." It boasted of a reservoir which kept gallons of water hot. Water piped to the house was so rare that when Nathanael West came to buy a place he passed up a fine old stone house for one only part stone, part wood, but which had the added refinement of a kitchen sink with water piped from a spring.

The country folk could use the odd jobs that the first newcomers might provide. The stone houses were solid structures and

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none of the earlier group went in for major reconstructions, at least not at once. But there was tinkering to be done, a cellar door to mend, a chimney to straighten. And the city people needed the country folk. Our house needed right away a carpenter who also was a mason, for we couldn't get an oversized bed with its box springs and thick mattress up the circular stairway that unfurled like a fan. The local man had to gouge out walls two feet thick to make a long window out of a smaller one in the upper story to which the bed was hoisted up by pulleys and passed through. The bed was even a big point of local interest. Several old fellows from the village came up not only to inspect the window but to punch the bed. There were still people around who were using the old-fashioned feather beds in those days.

Our house was a mile from the village and three miles from the shopping center in a town across the Delaware in Jersey. We had no car that first summer and thought nothing of it. Few people in the village had cars; the men who worked in the mills across the river pooled the cars that were available. We had an enormous garden and raised everything from Brussels sprouts to Golden Bantam corn and red cabbage. Once a week we walked to the shopping center through a gorgeous path that led across a wooded range of hills. From the top of them you could see a panorama of the wide Delaware Valley, the river with its little green islands, and the silvery thread of the canal, along which the old barges were still slowly moving, drawn by a team of mules wearing in summer jaunty straw hats adorned by the bargemen with living roses or poppies. Coming down the steep hillside you might hear the chime of the little brass bells on the mules long before the barge came into view.

Shopping was a festive occasion before the supermarket morgues had shrouded the vegetable and fruit with ghostly cellophane. A good deal of the produce was raised locally and the variety far excelled anything you buy today, when the belt line from the producer to the deep-freeze companies and the canneries speeds fresh strawberries to a season so short you hardly have a chance to taste them. Some brands of apples have disappeared: the fine old Belflower, that looked like a pear and tasted divine; the Snow apple, pure white with one deep red cheek. Today you can always buy frozen raspberries but hardly fresh ones. Currants and quinces have simply vanished. Even canned goods have followed the stereotype; the local storekeeper may call himself "independent" but he is inevitably tied to a marketing chain which compels him to accept one certain brand. The habit of buying frozen goods is so entrenched that a customer often purchases packages of frozen corn during the very season when he might pick up the real thing at a roadside stand.

Once in the town, we could get a taxi to take us home with our shopping bags. A thin old man, dressed always in black and whom we called "Hamlet," was certain to be hanging around to meet the trains. There were at least four good trains a day going to or coming from Trenton. Now the only thing accommodated on this line is freight. The Pennsylvania line on the Jersey side had served a good many people in Bucks County, but when it gave up the next step was to drive some fourteen miles to Flemington, New Jersey, where a number of good trains ran to New York. This spring the Lehigh Valley has followed the pattern that in other parts of the country is isolating whole communities or abandoning them to the anarchy of the private car. Though there are still two morning trains to New York and two afternoon trains from the city, these trains do not solve the problems of the hundreds of commuters who were lured to the country by the promise of easy transportation.

Hamlet, too, has long passed from the scene, as have the sweet old men with true craftsman instincts who would undertake anything to be done. The last of the old men to know how to handle a scythe used to cut our meadow and hill behind the house to look, as he put it, "like a park." Today, it is easier to find a contractor who will build a wing to your house than someone who can or will patch your old slate roof. If you haven't learned to do many odd jobs yourself, you will be up against it. But in those days it wasn't only that you could get a job done, you got conversation with it. An old man would tell you how he used to cut wood off Haycock mountain or how he had courted his wife. When an old man's wife died, he might put on his good tan shoes and come to

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call to tell you in detail of the day when the partner of his life had "stepped out."

This summer, when the local boy who had condescended to cut a small lawn in front of my house with an old-fashioned lawnmower once a week decided that only patrons with mechanized equipment were worth bothering with, he quit coming without even telling me the reason. He was the last of a string of local boys to follow the old man with his scythe, but who no longer walked the mile from the village but drove up grandly, often in new Chevrolets. Everyone in the village not only now owns a car but is apt to have a recent model. Boys taking their first jobs count on the first pay check as a down payment on a big car.

In a society aiming at a consumer's paradise, Bucks County hardly plays a backward role. The lowliest householder is thoroughly attached to installment buying. No one considers the final price but only the upkeep. The city people can neither be credited with nor blamed for the complicated processes involving economic as well as social transformations. But in the initial stages, they surely played a part.

On the credit side, they brought employment at a time when jobs were so scarce that many of the local people were forced on relief. On May Day, 1934, there was even a little parade of embattled farmers and villagers of Bucks County who marched around the courthouse at Doylestown with signs demanding recognition of their plight. Some dairy farmers had been liquidated not only by Bangs disease but by falling profits. The mills were laying off many hands. With the restoration of old houses, a chain reaction of improvements benefited not only carpenters and plumbers but anyone who could dig or lay stonework.

Even before the boom was on, rural electrification had begun, stimulated by Washington, and abetted by the foresightedness of the electric companies. On the heels of electricity came the salesmen for refrigerators and vacuum cleaners. Later it was the deep-freezers and TV. But at first there were few customers for gadgets and some local people could not wire their houses for light until the end of the 30's.

In the beginning of the changes there must have been some bitterness on the part of local people as they saw the big cars flash by with weekenders at a time when they still walked or hitched a ride. There was also confusion and amusement. One new landowner might think nothing of paying $500 for a big maple or oak to transplant to his own soil; another might casually cut down a tree of equal beauty because it interfered with his view. Local people began to ransack their attics for "relics," so prized by the outlanders. Bathrooms became a must. That meant employment for well-drillers as well as for dealers who could follow up with equipment. The newcomers threw out wings; added rooms; broke out partitions; restored old fireplaces big enough to roast an ox. If in the 30's a number of barns burned down (in order to collect the insurances, the rumor went), in the 40's many remaining barns were converted into high-class dwellings.

The coming of the city people to Bucks County signalized no more than an inevitable sophistication which was to find its goal in the accumulation of new commodities. If one looks for cultural radiations, one finds that they stem primarily from a communication system which can bring news of the latest stereotype to every home. The original arts and crafts were closely related to their functional usages and a man who could build a beautiful stone house was in a better position to judge evidences of creative forces than the present contingent of local painters who mostly contribute repetitious Grandma Moses landscapes to the popular summer "Art Festival" on the Delaware.

THE rapport between the city people, so-called even if they have lived here thirty years, and the native population is tenuous. It lacks even the roots it had in an earlier day. It takes persistence and skill to "do anything" that might win general approval unless the activity is directly tied to immediately recognizable aims. But one worthwhile attempt to combine country resources and city talents has resulted in a recent project which converted the old Stover Mill on the Delaware, belonging to a family who had already been the donors of several fine parks, to a library and local art center.

On the library side Mrs. Eleanor Allen, a former librarian and teacher of remedial reading, has induced some one hundred and fifty youngsters to become steady patrons of

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books, wisely selected for their needs and potentialities. Starting with thirty borrowed books, the library now boasts three thousand volumes, mostly donated, for adults, and five hundred volumes for children. In a community not noted for avid readers or public libraries, the new venture is suddenly discovering that people will use books if they are provided. The kids will even discard comics in favor of brightly written books by people like Dr. Seuss. On the art side of the project, the community has Allen Saalburg whose extraordinary silk screen reproductions of the old primitive paintings and carvings can bring to the viewer the very works of art once extolled by Holger Cahill years ago. He and his enthusiastic committee have been responsible for putting on exhibits which would be a credit to any community, anywhere.

But hopeful as this venture is, it can hardly be taken as a sign of any significant trend. The problems at stake are more fundamental and more universal. The question of more cars means more roads; more roads eat into the natural beauty of a countryside once rural. There are even characters who propose to drain the canal, now preserved as a park, and make a super-highway. But with the menace of threats of this kind, the protective associations that have so far safeguarded much become vigilant. There is an ever creeping population that demands places to live, and places to live mean rapidly thrown-up developments. The United States Steel project in the lower part of the county is already spreading gloom among those citizens who cannot think that more industries in a community necessarily imply the right kind of progress. A growing number of industries have given jobs to many people but they have also brought housing problems and, perhaps even more serious, they have been instrumental in lowering the water level to a point that has brought grave warnings from engineers. But then it isn't only the industries that are water-users, though they can be held responsible for the disappearance of the famous Delaware shad. The average householder, no longer restrained by having to tote water from a well, is as giddy as any city consumer in the heart of New York. Swimming pools have multiplied fabulously even in a locality flushed with natural springs and brooks. As for the old stone houses, they are now only within the reach of the very well-to-do. Once a mere $4,000, they may now be put on the market for something nearer to $79,000. The old people who once lived in those houses, if they are still alive, must really rub their eyes and wonder.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

CHESS AT CHANUKAH

Z. F. FINOT

Z. F. FINOT was the pen name of Dr. Z. F. Finkelstein, who was born in Lvov in 1886. For many years he was a resident of Vienna, where he was editor of *Die Stimme* as well as correspondent of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency.

Long active as a Zionist, he wrote a book on Theodor Herzl, *Schicksalsstuden eines Führers*—A Leader's Hour of Destiny. In 1938 he moved to Jerusalem, where he worked as a free-lance journalist and founded the Austrian Settlers' Association. He died in Jerusalem in September of this year. The present selection was found in *Allgemeine Wochenzeitung der Juden in Deutschland,* a weekly published at Düsseldorf by and for German Jews, and has been translated by me from the original German.—HARRY ZOHN

IT IS Chanukah and people play chess—a game that can be continued even when the Chanukah candles have been lit. There are three festivals, in fact, on which Jewish merriment may hold sway even at the sacred places dedicated to the Torah: namely, Simchas Torah, Chanukah, and Purim. So people sat in the *klaus,* which was located on the very edge of the ghetto, and tirelessly played chess. This royal game was the most popular of all—no other so stirred feelings to tempestuous passions. Judah Halevi once called a chessboard a reflection of higher reality. The game provided a satisfactory battleground for brains sharpened over generations by hair-splitting *pilpul,* and it furnished diversion from the gloom of the everyday world.

A few benches and tables, in a corner a desk with old folio volumes, and on the east wall a closet for the sacred Torah scrolls—this was the *klaus,* the seat of the Rabbi and his disciples. From early morning the rhythms of Jewish small-town life echoed here: an eternal coming and going from the street, where life rolled along in lazy waves of bargaining and haggling. The *klaus* was the spiritual center, where all the pent-up hopes of a national life squeezed into a narrow space found a meaning and an expression.

Only on holidays did the nightmarish pressure of care and anxiety give way for a while. During the Chanukah days, there was added the distant echo of a heroic combat filling souls with pride and joy. "*Nes gadol haya sham*—a great miracle took place there." Perhaps it was a reflection of the Jewish fighting spirit of yore which especially attracted the epigones to hold chess tournaments at Chanukah time. The best players entered the tournaments, and the winners, by way of reward, were even called up to an *aliyah* during the religious services.

Right after the first morning prayer, the race for opponents began. From the cluster of congregants, a few figures soon detached themselves: with crafty smiles on their faces, they looked around for players who would be a match for them. Everyone knew who the impassioned players were; in a trice they had gathered in a corner of the *klaus,* around a little table upon which the master of this room, the *shammes,* had placed a chessboard.

Only two can take part in the game, but each match starts off with the yelling and squabbling of the spectators crowding round. One of the players, an elderly Hasid with a face shaded by thick hair, phlegmatically props his head on one hand while he lights his pipe with the other. His opponent, a

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man with a pointed nose and bulging eyes, meanwhile closely watches the Hasid's first moves. While they play, their two backs rock in rhythm as during prayer, and soon there comes the murmur of a monotonous intoning: *"Gey ich aher—geyt er ahin—* If I go here, he'll go there." Suddenly the Hasid picks up a chessman and jerkily pushes it forward. The crowd, pressing constantly closer to the table, yells: *"Mottie, vi ahin kricht ir?*—Mottie, where do you think you're going?" Screaming out warnings or cheering the players on, the crowd has its own influence on the game. *"Vi loift ir, Tipesch?*—Where are you running to, Tipesch?" someone suddenly says in a warning voice. *"Antloift, der rosh iz in a sakuneh* —Get out, the King is in danger!" comes back from the other side.

The center of gravity of the game visibly shifts to the surrounding kibitzers, who scream in rhythm with the game's ups and downs, while the silhouettes of their swaying heads throw flickering shadows on the whitewashed walls behind them. Suddenly there resounds a short, clipped shout: "Check!" like the hissing of a snake. A scream—at once of horror and of victory. But the danger has been averted for the moment. The Hasid nervously tugs at his beard; his cheeks turn brick red, his hands grope uncertainly about the chessmen. One can see by his tense expression that the end of the game is near. As if it were a matter of life and death, he pushes the pieces forward, visibly resigned. *"Pooh, a mitzieh*—some bargain," mocks the Hasid, who has already recognized the superiority of his opponent. The old Hasid has obviously underestimated the young upstart. He puts his pipe in his belt and with his elbows pushes away the kibitzers who have been crowding too close to the table.

Meanwhile, the veins swell out on his opponent's forehead, looking like charcoal smudges in the murky gloom of the wintry light that comes through the windows.

"Antloift, antloift!" the crowd's shrill warning comes again. The eyes of the old Hasid are aglow, for this time the cry is meant for him. He stares at the bloated hands of his opponent as if to paralyze them. Suddenly he opens both eyes wide: "The king is lost!" At the same moment the whole room resounds with cries of "Checkmate, checkmate, checkmate!"

The old Hasid is shaken as by an electric current. Ponderously he raises his massive body from the chair, but presently he straightens up with pride, whips his pipe from his belt, and mockingly cries out to his opponent: "Pooh, it's Chanukah, the time when miracles happen. A return game tomorrow, *Reb Yid!"* He hurries out of the room. Another pair of players rush to occupy the chess corner. The obliging *shammes* meanwhile passes out *dreydls,* pastry, and drinks to the new arrivals for the sanctification of the Chanukah festival.

Dusk approaches: new players and new spectators keep coming in. Outside is heard the shouting and singing of children at play. They come up to the low hut of the *klaus* and bang against the window with their *dreydls.* Inside, the game is still on. *"Gey ich aher—geyt er ahin. . . ."* The sing-song of the chess players sounds like the chorus of the unassuaged longing of many generations, on these twilit days of Chanukah.

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ON THE HORIZON

PADDY CHAYEFSKY'S MINYAN

"The Tenth Man" on Broadway

ANATOLE SHUB

PADDY CHAYEFSKY, it has been said many times, is the Clifford Odets of the 1950's, and the differences between the two playwrights largely reflect a shift in popular attitudes since the 30's. Chayefsky's theatrical world is the same Bronx evoked by Odets twenty-five years ago, and his fundamental note, too, is the pathos of the lower middle classes. Like Odets, Chayefsky writes mostly about immigrants and their children, draws heavily on Jewish folk humor, and is more inventive at comedy than at serious drama. The aspirations, passions, and defeats of his characters are usually minor in scale; and, even more than Odets, Chayefsky likes the up-beat ending, the note of triumph over the "forces" which bedevil the "little man." Finally, both playwrights—in contrast to O'Neill, Tennessee Williams, and others—relied greatly at first on an intense style of staging, which made their work more interesting to watch than to read: Odets depended on the Group Theatre, Chayefsky on the "Method" of the Actors' Studio.

Yet there is a striking difference between Chayefsky and Odets, and it is ideological. Both writers are evangelists or millenarians: their plays work toward a single magic revelation which will end the dreariness of day-to-day life and announce a vision of redemption. But where Odets's inspiration was Popular Front Communism, Chayefsky's is popular psychoanalysis. Odets's key word was "strike"; Chayefsky's is "love."

In *Marty, The Big Deal, The Mother, Middle of the Night, The Bachelor Party,* and *The Catered Affair* (all of which present recognizably Jewish types although their names are non-Jewish), Chayefsky has shown an alert topicality, keen humor, and a rare ear for the common speech. But these gifts only partly explain his popularity. For, a little like Odets, Chayefsky seems to be speaking for his time. His message of love is certainly modish in the commercial theater* now; it has been proclaimed in hit after hit by William Inge, another postwar playwright, and in the "wholesome" musical-comedy lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein II (a sharp departure from the wise-guy lyrics of the late Lorenz Hart, who was Richard Rodgers' librettist before the war).

Chayefsky's message of love has some of the tone of "positive thinking" and is part of the popular culture of psychology. It soaks all real conflicts—personal or social—in a murky rhetoric of good intentions, "mutual understanding," and self-limitation. Chayefsky's most popular works have no villains. Love's enemy is an internal state, the inability to love; and the quality of this affliction doesn't vary much, whether a man and woman are concerned, or parents and children, or whoever. In his happy endings, in which the will to love finally breaks through, much must be taken on sheer faith —wishing will make it so—and much remains open to very diverse interpretations.

*As elsewhere—see "By Love Redeemed," by Hans Meyerhoff, September 1959.

ANATOLE SHUB, an associate editor, contributed "The Revolution of the Righteous," notes on a history of the Puritan Rebellion, to our June number. He has also written for *Encounter, Saturday Review,* and the *New Leader,* of which he was formerly managing editor.

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The mistiness of Chayefsky's view of love is most apparent in his new play, *The Tenth Man;* but it has also kept his best work, such as *Marty,* on this side of the line which divides popular entertainment from art.

Romeo falls in love in the first act; Cordelia's filial affection precedes the opening of *King Lear.* But for Chayefsky and others for whom the "capacity to love" is an issue, the emotion is not the beginning of the play, but the end—a goal to be reached, if at all, in the final scenes. This kind of dramatic structure, which uses monologues and flashbacks in place of a sequence of action, is not inevitable in a play which employs psychoanalytic insights. O'Neill's *Strange Interlude,* a very Freudian drama, nevertheless unfolds in the traditional manner, moving forward from passions through actions to consequences and forward again. The traditional structure is, however, more trying for the playwright, for he must clearly dramatize emotions and relations, make them visible, rather than just talk about them.

Actually, the structure of Chayefsky's plays rather suggests the old Christian religious dramas, which celebrated the triumph of grace over original sin and worldly temptations. And, indeed, the "love" which Chayefsky's characters pursue seems an idealized state of mind. It has nothing to do with passion, but is a rather low-keyed, diffuse sentiment which seems appropriate to all occasions. If it has any definable quality at all, it is that of the kindliness with which a parent consoles a hurt child—or perhaps that feeling as the child will sentimentalize it in later years. Here is Chayefsky's picture of ideal marriage, from *The Bachelor Party:* ". . . if your girl is halfway decent, she's going to make it her job to make you happy. Then you get to feel, I can depend on this person. And that's love, man. That's the greatest thing in the world. There's nothing like it. I have moments sometimes with my wife, Arnold. . . . We're just lying sometimes in bed, you know, before you go to sleep. We're just talking. . . . You know how you can get to feel sometimes. . . . What's the sense of working? What's it all mean? What do you get out of this crazy life, but people yelling at you all day and trying to save a couple of bucks every week. And then my wife tries to talk to me. She'll say: 'Look, you got a wife who loves you. Your mother, your father, your kid brother loves you. You got friends. . . .' Arnold, I don't know how to explain this to you . . . but that's what my wife does for me. She's the one that makes life worth living."

Chayefsky's Marty thinks explicitly of parental understanding: "Well, I figure," he says, "two people get married, and they gonna live together forty or fifty years. So it's just gotta be more than whether they're good-looking or not. My father was a real ugly man, but my mother adored him. She told me that she used to get miserable sometimes, like everybody, you know? And she says my father always tried to understand. I used to see them sometimes when I was a kid, sitting in the living room, talking and talking. . . ."*

What Marty is yearning for are the favored consolations of the 50's: consideration, mutual respect, adjustment—above all, relief from loneliness and the problems of manhood. His final decision to woo Clara for these reasons is a triumph, Chayefsky insists, considering the "latent homosexuality of the middle class" which Marty is escaping. Marty's urge to an illusory normalcy is, indeed, a victory over candy-store opinion; but it is possible, too, that a love conceived with such limited vistas may prove as oppressive as the tyranny of the boys on the street corner.

Has that thought occurred to Chayefsky? Only in *The Goddess,* his most ambitious work and the most recent before *The Tenth Man,* has he ever detached himself from the love-seeking reveries of his characters. The self-centered heroine of that film attempts a new, loving relation with her selfish mother; it lasts only a few weeks, after which each woman reverts to type. But *The Goddess* was a dual failure for Chayefsky: its literal Freudianism offended the daily critics, while its grim conclusion scared off the public which had applauded his TV comedies.

In *The Tenth Man,* Chayefsky returns to the simple old love-faith, and tries to associate it with Jewish traditions. Transposing the dybbuk superstition to an Orthodox *shul* in Mineola, Long Island, he plays Hasidic mysticism off against psychiatry,

*Quoted from *Television Plays by Paddy Chayefsky,* Simon and Schuster, 1955.

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seems to express affection and skepticism toward each, and—in the closing seconds—attempts to wrap both up in the religion of loving, *Bachelor Party* style.

CHAYEFSKY does this by surrounding his two young protagonists—neither of them particularly appealing or credible—with a group of earthy old East European Jews who pray, eat, dance, laugh, and argue with one another in a vivid manner that must evoke nostalgia if not affection.* He invents enough comic business for them to stretch what dramatically should be one act into two. There are gag-sequences about cemetery plots and daughters-in-law. Not once but twice do elderly gentlemen dash off (and report) on frustrating subway expeditions in search of a Williamsburg Hasidic sage. Twice, too, the sexton must hunt up enough additional Jews to constitute a *minyan:* in the first act for morning prayers, then again in the third for the exorcism. All this helps distract us from the action, as opposed to the atmosphere, of the play.

What actually happens? A psychotic teenager named Evelyn Forman is brought to the shul by her grandfather, who fears she will be returned to an asylum, and who has heard a dybbuk speak through her lips. This evil spirit is one Hannah Luchinsky, "the whore of Kiev," whom the grandfather had first set on the primrose path. None of the old men can quite believe this, especially since Evelyn's outbursts of dybbukry alternate with both lucid moments and conventional hallucinations; but there seems no harm in trying exorcism, for the girl, a student of the Zohar, admits that she has religion all mixed up with her sex problems.

To complete the morning minyan, the sexton has collared a young lawyer, Arthur Brooks, who is the Crisis of Civilization personified. He has joined and quit the Communist party, divorced his wife, attempted suicide, and is being psychoanalyzed; he has also enjoyed money, prestige, power, and all the girls he wanted; he calls life "meaningless"; and he views love only as an expense of spirit in a waste of shame. At first young Arthur opposes the idea of an exorcism, but the synagogue atmosphere, the old men's busyness, and the girl's avowals of love wear him down. Besides, his analyst says exorcism might be a "kind of shock treatment."

Arthur's mixed motives, and Evelyn's mixed-up madness, show the irony with which Chayefsky treats both religion and psychiatry, permitting the spectator to believe what he pleases. The young rabbi of the shul (mostly a bystander in all this) provides still another example. In an amusing phone call to a seminary classmate offstage, he satirizes the socializing aspects of the religious revival ("organize a Little League team, Harry!"); but he blames "them," the congregation, for the absence of a more substantial faith. We, on the other hand, know he is rarely in shul.

Only one of the members of Chayefsky's minyan—Hirschman, the venerable Cabbalist—openly professes belief in God. (One, Schlissel, is actually a Communist—drawn to the *shul,* as are the others, out of loneliness.) And Hirschman's recounting of a dream in the final act is perhaps Chayefsky's most imaginative bit of ambiguity. In the dream, Hirschman's long-dead father forgives his youthful transgressions, and he takes this to mean absolution by God Himself. Hirschman tells the dream with the language and gestures of mysticism, but the Freudian interpretation is also obvious. The other Jews rejoice, but one cannot tell if it is because they share Hirschman's belief in a divine revelation or are simply glad that he has ended his three-day fasting.

When the minyan for the exorcism is assembled, it is the pious Hirschman who reassures Arthur that "it is better to believe in dybbuks than in nothing at all." Schlissel speaks for the audience: "Here I am, an atheist. What am I doing at an exorcism?" At the fourth sounding of the ram's horn, while Evelyn stands unmoved, young Arthur falls in a dead faint. "All this trouble, and we've exorcised the wrong dybbuk!" Within a few seconds, Arthur has told us that he has been reborn, that he will marry Evelyn and care for her forever, psychotic or no. He has gained, he says, the capacity to love. But not, someone points out, belief in God.

*Once again, imaginative actors provide a richness not in Chayefsky's lines—particularly Arnold Marlé, a veteran of the pre-Hitler German stage, as an old Cabbalist, and David Vardi, a founder of the Habimah Theater, as the sexton. Tyrone Guthrie's direction, and David Hays's set, are likewise excellent.

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"Is there any difference?" is the comeback as the play ends.

How are we to take the miracle we have just witnessed? Until the last few seconds, Chayefsky seems to have covered all flanks. But the pretentious sentimentality of that final moment reveals his condescending attitude toward religion, psychiatry, thought generally, the Jews, and his own creations.

Had Evelyn rather than Arthur been "saved," we might have accepted it as a kind of fantasy-romance. She might have been cured by a combination of the synagogue atmosphere, the affection of the old men, and—with a somewhat altered characterization—the love of a sensitive and experienced "professional man." In that case, Chayefsky's irony would have held up to the end. We wouldn't have much cared precisely what cured Evelyn, since her rather ridiculous hallucinations would have been just a pretext to live, and laugh, among the colorful old Jews in the shimmering half-light of the shul. This sort of play could easily have become a musical.

But Evelyn is a mere object, a foil, for Chayefsky. It is Arthur who is saved, and his very character and demeanor announce a serious message—a prescription for all the complex *malaises* of modern times. The prescription turns out to be a sugar pill. In barely a dozen lines, at 11:10 P.M., we are asked to believe that Arthur's new-found "capacity to love," which allegedly absorbs the essential wisdom of both psychiatry and Judaism, will succeed where education, hard work, his first marriage, bedhopping, drink, power, and the Communist party have all failed. The switcheroo is just too abrupt; the pretension just too overarching. We simply refuse to be let off, even in a comedy, with a few quick verses from the old love lyrics. What may have sufficed for Marty the meat butcher in his little corner of the Bronx will not do here. Chayefsky's facile disposal of the young lawyer strikes the same jarring note as the quick comeuppance which Herman Wouk dealt out to Lieutenant Keefer, the "master mind" of *The Caine Mutiny*.

It is a note of anti-intellectualism. Arthur, with his education, his skepticism, his frustration with the whole range of secular values, signifies the rational person in a complete funk. Chayefsky, "exorcising" him with a wave of the love-wand, seems to be saying to all people who have ever recognized a single intellectual or moral contradiction: "See how simple it is? Why waste our time with your brains, when we common folk knew the secret all along?" Wouk, at least, was urging his customary view of the virtues of tradition and authority. Chayefsky, off the evidence of *The Goddess*, knows better—or, at any rate, knows otherwise. In his graceless parody of Arthur, he is pleading no deeply felt cause, but appears merely to be striking what the English call the mucker pose.

In this perspective, we can better understand a number of irritating details within *The Tenth Man*. Now we see, for example, why Evelyn's grandfather, who first believes in the dybbuk, is cast as a "teacher of science," while Alper, one of the more credulous of the old men, is represented as a Yiddishist intellectual, a kind of writer for the *Forvaerts*. Now we understand, too, some rather vulgar remarks made about Communism: Of Schlissel, someone says, "He's not a Communist; he's just disagreeable," and Arthur recalls that he himself quit the Communist party when he found "an easier way to seduce girls."

This kind of sneering seems to me implicit in the cult of loving, which pretends to sweep away all life's dilemmas and the very need for thought about them. But such sentimentality, no matter how it is enveloped in comic cotton, inevitably betrays an artist. In the light of Chayefsky's shabby conclusion, his previous mockery of psychiatry, religion, and life generally no longer appears to be so clever. Rather, it seems to be—as so deliberate an irony often is—an aggressive self-pity, which masks an essentially low view of man and his possibilities. And at this point we feel that the synagogue, the Jews in it, and the dybbuk myth have been used cheaply.

To be sure, *The Tenth Man* does not directly offend against the Jewish religion; Chayefsky, in keeping with the style of the times, has even had the "advice and assistance" of an Orthodox rabbi. Yet the Judaism of the script is confined to a few mumbled chants and simple references (all we ever learn even about dybbuks may be found in a half-page article in the *Universal Jewish*

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Encyclopedia), and in the end the religion of Moses and Maimonides is reduced to "white robes," "black candles," and an ill-defined "capacity to love" which seems identical with parlor psychoanalysis.

It may sometimes be better for artists to believe in dybbuks than in nothing at all. S. Ansky in *The Dybbuk*, Bashevis Singer in *Satan in Goray* and other works, brought art to bear on superstitions of this kind and lent them a terrible human beauty. They did not revere superstition as such, but they did consider sacred the human souls captured by it: they accepted the reality and the intensity of the beliefs of the men, women, and children who held them. In this sense, they believed in the Evil Spirit —and in the mystery of a transcendental love—as the creator of *The Tenth Man* does not.

IN EGYPT

HAROLD ENRICO

Once-born from the womb of your mother;
Twice-born from the grave-meant room;
Thrice-born through the gate at the border
Into the Egyptian noon, the stones and the thorns.
Then born again from the catacomb,
Reader of the dreams of the sevenfold things
In the dominion of the locust and the shining bone,
In the acres of the Pharaohs' sepulchers
With the sculptured foreheads of their fallen queens,
Joseph, father-far, did heart wring boyhood,
Wish for the Zion of lean synagogues,
The dialect of your father's pastures?
Joseph in the land of the lion and the linen dead,
Joseph, brother-sold forever,
Benjamin-belovèd ever!

Harold Enrico is a native of the State of Washington and was educated at the University of Washington and also at the University of Pavia in Italy. He has published his verse in the literary magazines, including *Poetry* and the *Nation*. This is his first appearance in Commentary.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

REVIEWING THE LOYALTY CONTROVERSY

Some Books by Social Scientists

ALAN F. WESTIN

SIX years have passed since American hysteria over internal security measures reached a crescendo; in that rush of months in 1954 when sober men wondered when—and whether—our society would break free from the fratricidal conflict which had overtaken it. Today, as if to mock the grim reality of that moment, talk about loyalty programs stirs the blood only of Legionnaires and Civil Liberties Union buffs. In this current era of restored "Togetherness" and the "Great Thaw," not even the recent Supreme Court rulings "tampering" with the Federal and industrial security programs have re-aroused the populace, despite a fevered outcry from the internal security elite in Congress.

If loyalty has ceased to be the stuff of politics and prosecutions, we are entering the period when it is to be part of the struggle for history. The literature on loyalty measures produced in the 1947-54 period already appears fragmentary and perspectiveless. By 1984, it will be used primarily for contemporary reaction, and in 2059, for the quaint lilt of mid-20th-century English, in the original spelling. *Requiescant in pace*: O. John Rogge, James Burnham, Sidney Hook, Alan Barth, Francis Biddle, Alastair Cooke, Ralph de Toledano, James Rorty, Henry Commager, Whittaker Chambers, Carey McWilliams, William Buckley, and Eleanor Bontecou, to name only some of those whose volumes are found in libraries under headings such as "Loyalty Programs," "Internal Security," "American Communism," and "Loyalty Investigations." The basic questions these writers asked—"Should we have loyalty programs?" "How are they working?" "What reforms are desirable?" and "What price may we be paying for loyalty tests?"—the questions of reporters and political activists, have been rendered moot by the march of events. We had loyalty programs, they took shape A under Truman and shape B under Eisenhower; now we are beginning to have available, as the pre-1954 authors never did, the data on which to measure the effectiveness and the social cost of these programs and the time to probe deeper aspects of loyalty-testing phenomena. As the gaping, unanswered questions in *Senator Joe McCarthy* make plain, the day of the reporter is done, even of as sensitive a reporter as

ALAN F. WESTIN, associate professor of public law and government at Columbia University, contributed a number of articles on the subject of civil liberties to COMMENTARY when the loyalty controversy was at its height. Among them were "Our Freedom—and the Rights of Communists" (July 1952), "Do Silent Witnesses Defend Civil Liberties?" (June 1953), "Winning the Fight Against McCarthy" (July 1954), "Libertarian Precepts and Subversive Realities" (January 1955), and "Liberals and the Supreme Court" (July 1956). He also prepared a study for the Freedom Agenda Program in 1954, entitled "The Constitution and Loyalty Programs."

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Richard Rovere. For better or worse, and whatever its impact or lack of impact upon future political decisions on loyalty crises, the coming battle will be among the social scientists—the historians, political scientists, sociologists, and others who, unless they succumb to the lure of moral indignation, will write within the confines of their disciplines and make their contributions thereby.

The books which have appeared in the last three years may still be too close to events to indicate much about the verdict of history. And there is nothing to guarantee that these books are representative of their respective disciplines. But, since 1956, five books have been written specifically on the loyalty issue, one each by a historian, political scientist, sociologist, professor of law, and political theorist, as if to oblige the observer who wants an antipasto of the academy. Read together, they provide clues to the question: does social science have anything truly illuminating to contribute on this issue to our generation, which heard Senator McCarthy preside over a hearing and felt the chilling impact of the Alger Hiss case?

HAROLD HYMAN, a professor of history at UCLA, took a useful nibble at the loyalty issue in his 1954 monograph, "Era of the Oath: Northern Loyalty Tests During the Civil War and Reconstruction." The Fund for the Republic, a well-known agency which provides Diners' Club credit cards for those with an appetite for civil liberty problems, enabled Hyman to sit down to a full-course historical meal. The result is *To Try Men's Souls: Loyalty Tests in American History* (University of California Press, $6.00), published this fall. There has never been a book treating loyalty programs throughout American history, and nowhere has there ever been assembled such a wealth of detail as Hyman presents, from loyalty testing by the Virginia colonists of 1606 to the present.

During the 1947-54 period, it was standard for liberal writers to tick off a list of former conflicts over loyalty—the Alien and Sedition Laws, Reconstruction oaths, the Palmer raids, the Lusk investigation, and the Dies Committee of the 1930's—and characterize these as departures from an American norm of reliance upon tests of deeds, rather than of thoughts and associations. The meaningful contribution of Hyman's book is that he documents the pervasiveness of loyalty testing in America. (I am not sure this is what Hyman sought to demonstrate, but it flows inescapably from his account.) He shows that we were colonized by men who lived by loyalty oaths and their sharpest application; that we forged our independence under a system of loyalty testing and punishments promulgated by men like Washington and defended by Thomas Jefferson and Tom Paine; that loyalty oaths were part of the crisis over states' rights in the 1830's, as in South Carolina; that Lincoln and Jefferson Davis both presided over, and approved, severe loyalty oaths and disloyalty imprisonments during the Civil War; that the ironclad oath of loyalty for former Confederates championed by the Radical Congress during Reconstruction prevailed over the milder version proposed by President Johnson, in Lincoln's spirit; that loyalty tests and loyalty prosecutions, under applications of various statutes, brought thousands of persons to prosecution during World War I; that the Wilson administration gave an official connection with the Department of Justice to the often vigilantist American Protective League and the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen; that loyalty investigations and laws thrived at local levels too, from colonial days to the threat of the Anarchists in the 1880's through the inter-World War period and down to the present.

Thus, Hyman demonstrates that Americans have lived under loyalty testing systems for more years than they have lived without them, if one begins from colonial days. And if one measures only from Independence, it is the fact that no serious crisis arose in the United States, domestic or foreign, without some form of loyalty system arising. While this does not give loyalty tests moral legitimacy, any more than the

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universality of slavery in ancient times sanctified that institution, it does indicate that a liberal society, growing ever more egalitarian and democratic, has yet to react to a crisis without feeling the need for loyalty instruments and disloyalty penalties. It also chastens those who see progress as inevitable, since a comparison of the record during the former high points described by Hyman with the record of prosecutions, silly loyalty laws, demagoguery, and social reprisal during the 1947-54 period will hardly show that our era was less severe or its measures more closely related to the actual danger of disloyalty than in previous generations.

At his best, the historian does more than answer the question: is this a unique or a repetitive event in our national life? He also looks for significant parallels of causation and development between the contemporary event and its predecessors. On this score, Hyman's presentation is often fascinating.

Few readers other than Civil War specialists, for example, will have known much about Representative John F. Potter of Wisconsin. "In mid-July, 1861," Hyman relates, "Potter proposed that the House form an investigating committee to unearth Federal employees who 'are known to entertain sentiments of hostility to the government . . . and who have refused to take the oath to support the government.'" Selected as chairman of the committee, Potter began collecting his first list of suspected disloyal employees, ignoring "the fact that executive officers were already engaged in loyalty house cleanings in their own departments." Potter paid no attention to the detail that "most of the names he listed represented men who were already, voluntarily or under protest, out of Federal employment." Then, he "let it be known around Washington that he wanted information, and that he would protect all informants who provided his committee with leads to disloyal persons." As confidential informants leaped to provide "cases" of disloyalty, Potter told the House of Representatives of his "astonishment at the number of well-authenticated cases of disloyalty to the government" that he had uncovered. Soon, Potter had a network of informants in the departments of "uncooperative" Federal officials, his hearings had become a "daily drama of disloyalty" tales; accusations were leveled against "generals and admirals . . . file clerks and auditors . . . janitors and jailors" and firings resulted by the brace.

Potter was challenged on the floor of Congress as to his right to run a Star Chamber. Patriotic persons, critics maintained, were being accused and often forced from government on the basis of innuendo and supposition. Potter replied with an emotional account of secession and the war, an attack upon his critics as Democrats or lukewarm Republicans (and the Democrats had planned twenty years of treason in the "very halls of Congress"), and defended the right of an investigating committee of Congress to use anonymous informers and to by-pass judicial safeguards, particularly because the Executive Branch was not to be trusted to root out the disloyal. The work of the Potter Committee, Hyman continues, "was a campaign weapon with which Republican orators and writers flayed the Democratic foe in the 1862 congressional campaign." Soon Potter was calling for a censure of Secretary of War Cameron and Secretary of the Navy Welles for their failure to "cooperate" with the committee; the House did not go along, however. Even Lincoln became a target of Potter's wrath when the President refused to cashier aides and clerks named by Potter.

According to Hyman, the fall of the Potter committee came when executive officers provided Potter's "evidence" to the accused. This enabled the employees to refute false charges and discredit the committee, as well as making accusers think twice about coming forward. Potter was defeated for reelection, ironically on a railroad issue rather than a mandate about loyalty testing, and

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Congress never regained the loyalty-testing initiative from the Lincoln administration.

While Hyman is excellent in his chronicle of past episodes and adept at presenting meaningful parallels, the weak parts of his book are his description of events after 1918 and his analysis of the loyalty issue. The 1920's, 1930's, World War II loyalty programs, and the 1945-55 scene receive only 20 pages altogether in a 414-page book, and these pages feature only elementary and casual discussion; the book really ends, in terms of first-rate history, with the account of the Wilson administration. The last thirteen pages of the final chapter, titled, "Paths to the Patriotic Present," consist of a set of abrupt "conclusions" about loyalty testing in the "light of history." Here, Hyman states that loyalty tests have no "utility," that Executive rather than Congressional control is desirable, that local tests should give way to a national monopoly, that there should really be no loyalty-security system at all, and that if there has to be one, it should be under a "plenary commission" rather than separate Executive agencies as at present.

These judgments are not drawn from the history which preceded their presentation. The positions are not argued but intoned, and the complex issues wrapped up in their deceptive simplicity are largely ignored. Even when, for example, Hyman draws on his chronicle for a good point, as in his observation that there has been, since Revolutionary days, a struggle between Congress and President for control of loyalty testing, Hyman does not follow up his observation by asking why this has been so; what political forces Congress represents and which the Executive; or why this has not been a party matter, but has featured Congressional critics attacking presidents of their own party. Nor does Hyman define the word "utility," which is his touchstone of virtue in appraising loyalty tests.

What I am saying is that Professor Hyman's conclusions are his deeply felt opinions, not something flowing from the history he has collected. In the hands of a Maitland, a Frederick Turner, or an Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., this history might have been carried to a level of synthesis which transcended chronicle. As it stands, Hyman's book is a treasure house of suggestive data on the pre-1919 experience, and for this, all students of loyalty phenomenon in America are in his debt.

Morton Grodzins, professor of political science at the University of Chicago, opens his book, *The Loyal and the Disloyal* (University of Chicago Press, $4.00), with the statement that he intends to examine loyalty and disloyalty "in precisely the same way that observers of social life look at other social facts," and to offer conclusions that will be "linked to scientific understanding."

His opening chapters demonstrate the power which the social scientist can muster when he breaks with conventional patterns of discussion and sweeps across a broader canvas. Disloyalty, Grodzins shows, like loyalty, is not generally established by a rational process of individual commitment, but stems from larger social processes such as those which produce our marriage patterns, class strata, and party affiliations. In a series of provocative illustrations, Grodzins notes that many persons stumble into disloyalty because their "crowd" does so and they lack the individuality to disengage. Some persons become disloyal to a foreign occupying power, and later are resistance heroes, when their original motivation was to steal liquor or food. Accidents of history can make patriotism out of treason and vice versa; George Washington would have been hanged for treason and Benedict Arnold probably knighted if the Revolutionary War had ended differently. In the case of butchers during World War II who disobeyed rationing regulations rather than lose hard won customers, or defense industry magnates who illegally hoarded steel, Grodzins shows that group economic interest can lead to disloyalty in the name of self-preservation or disregard of "bureaucratic" rules.

Thus, Grodzins maintains, from the solid citizen who has his traffic tickets fixed to the man who joins the Communist party, vir-

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tually every American finds himself at some time confronted by the "giant ambiguities" which democratic societies leave as to what is permissible deviation and what is disloyalty.

There are two main "routes" to disloyalty, Grodzins feels. One is the road of alienation from society (Richard Wright's move to Communism as a segregated Negro or William Joyce's fascist allegiance out of his isolation from both Irish and British society). The other is the road of allegiance to a competing ideology or social group (Sir Thomas More's loyalty to Catholicism or Robert E. Lee's loyalty to Virginia prevailing over his opposition to secession). The censure of society does not usually deter the person who is alienated or committed to a competing object of loyalty. If alienated, he rejects the society and revels in its disapproval; if committed to a deviant group, the person places his group loyalty above that of the state, as the history of religious and political martyrdom illustrates.

Out of such intriguing explorations, Grodzins offers a formula by which one can measure the disloyalty potential of various groups. The three factors to consider are the degree of "dissatisfaction" (whether there is a discrepancy between life-expectations and life-achievements); the "linkage to nation" (whether the nation is conceived as the source of the dissatisfaction or the cause is assigned elsewhere); and "alternatives to national loyalty" (whether there are any concrete opportunities to express anti-state opposition).

When placed alongside Grodzins's chapters comparing loyalty in Communist and fascist states with pluralist traditions in democratic societies, this analysis of the multi-causational character of loyalty choices stands out as a distinctive presentation. If the book had closed there, it would have been fine. What follows, however, are two chapters offering "Some Policy Conclusions," and here Grodzins obviously intended to furnish the judgments which were "linked to scientific understanding." First, there is a chapter on loyalty investigations of teachers, scientists, and civil servants in the United States—a chapter so lacking in detail and so far short of Grodzins's previous literary quality that it reads like a long telegram of protest to his Chicago Congressman. The final chapter shifts to a resumé of criticisms of democracy made by such writers as Marx, Weber, and Durkheim, and modern dissidents such as C. Wright Mills, Sebastian deGrazia, and Willmoore Kendall. Against their strictures, Grodzins offers defenses of social and moral diversity, political disinterest, and plural loyalties. As the chapter unfolds, its pages become more lush in metaphor, the tone becomes increasingly hymnal, and the final refrain sounds the key theme that democracy's real danger in facing disloyalty is that it may fail to be "democratic."

THE pity of *The Loyal and the Disloyal* is that the book closes after having used the term "disloyalty" without any final definitional care. It is made to cover the boy-to-boy perambulations of American girls, the breaking of foreign ties by second-generation immigrant stock, the discontent of night club waiters, the peddling of extra lamb chops during rationing, the German generals' plot against Hitler, the revolt of churchmen against Communist religious persecution in Eastern Europe, and the membership of Americans in the Communist party or the Ku Klux Klan. All of these actions are left as neutral points along an unnumbered yardstick of disloyalty. *Every* citizen is said to have a little "treason" in him, just as he has "a little neurosis." Only once, in a few sentences casually included at the end of one chapter, does Grodzins note that individual choice does enter into the formula and is part of the social process.

The logical inquiry for a political scientist to make at this point is to discuss how a democratic society can frame the means of education and law to maximize choices of loyalty, and what degree of commitment constitutes sufficient loyalty to justify a hands-off policy by society and government. And if we use the word "democratic" in its

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proper sense as a term of political science—government by majority will—it is clear that loyalty programs were thoroughly democratic in the 1947-54 era. If Grodzins meant to urge us to be *libertarian,* and to have regard for minority rights, his invocation of the word "democratic" is quite imprecise and misleading.

At the end, so much is said about the errors committed in the name of loyalty testing and so little about the basis of sound measures that the message seems to be that "no measures" is sound public policy. This is a position which can certainly be defended, and strongly, but it needs explicit defense and a consideration of opposing positions to merit serious attention. Here, it emerges as an article of faith, like Professor Hyman's statement of the same position. If Hyman's conclusions are not the fruit of history, neither are Professor Grodzins's the judgments of political science, even though the societal basis of loyalty and disloyalty is better presented by Grodzins than by any previous writer.

LOYALTY IN AMERICA, by John Schaar (University of California Press, $3.50), is an expansion of the author's doctoral dissertation at UCLA and is addressed, he says, to "specialists"—his colleagues in the field of political theory. The theorist's touch is readily apparent, in the attention to definitions of the terms "liberty," "freedom," and "community," and in what Schaar poses as the central inquiry: whether a heretofore Lockian society will abandon its former values and embrace a standard attuned to Rousseau's general will. Since one of the theorist's basic skills is rigorous analysis of language, Schaar excels at demonstrating the dangerous absurdities of loose loyalty standards, as in his discussion of the "one rotten apple" formula of Loyalty Review Board chairman Seth Richardson. Similarly, the political theorist should be skilled at recognizing special pleading, and so Schaar punctures the still-advanced theory that our contemporary loyalty conflict was all engineered by "the dominant conservative elites, allied with a few unscrupulous politicians, to suppress the opposition and maintain their own power." This attempt to deprive the loyalty tests of popular support and make them a conspiratorial plot of the right, even though promulgated by a Fair Deal administration, Schaar appropriately exposes as nonsense. All of these themes are presented with imagination and good writing.

The difficulty with Schaar's book is that it has no original contribution to make in the definition and manipulation of the basic terms of the loyalty issue; this is not a William James or a John Dewey come to judgment. More important, since one does not expect to find a James or Dewey every day, the use of history, law, and political analysis by Schaar is often less than competent, so that he fails to present the political theorist's synthesis of perspectives which would have also been a real achievement. In the realm of history, for example, Schaar's image of a basically tolerant society before the late 19th century (our Lockian phase), and onrushing intolerance afterward (the Rousseauan challenge), simply does not fit the facts. Mr. Schaar, meet Mr. Hyman.

In his frequent discussion of the legal tradition in America, Schaar's mistakes go to the heart of his argument. He maintains that a "right to revolution" was "the core of the early American conception of loyalty, and once official doctrine [*sic*] of the land." Only in 1950, he states, was it abandoned by the Supreme Court in the Dennis case. Apart from its unsophisticated use of the term "right to revolution," this is simply untrue. Colonel Shays and Thomas Dorr were given no right to revolt, despite Jefferson's poetic plea for a right to dissolution. As it never had legal status, neither did a right to revolution have political status after the Civil War hammered organic nationalism firmly into place. As a matter of Supreme Court policy, the Court had declared at least a half century before the Dennis case that no right to revolution existed in our system because techniques for peaceful change were available. In 1895, for example, the Court stated: "It is a lesson which cannot be

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learned too soon or too thoroughly that under this government of and by the people the means of redress of all wrongs are through the courts and at the ballot box. . . ."

Another serious mistake occurs in Schaar's treatment of the issue of privacy in America. He says that a movement to place a right to privacy into American law began with an essay by Louis Brandeis and Charles Warren in 1890 and that the first case to discuss this was in 1905. Down to the present time, he continues, the right to privacy has been written into law only in some state jurisdictions, but he sees signs that "Federal jurisprudence" is beginning to take up the issue.

The error here is Schaar's failure to distinguish between, on the one hand, the right to privacy against *government* invasion, which was a prominent issue of our Revolution, became part of Federal law with the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution, and received Supreme Court protection from the 1870's, and, on the other hand, privacy from the intrusions of *private* and *commercial* adventurers, which is the subject of the Brandeis essay and the state cases discussed. On this misunderstood distinction, Schaar's whole treatment of privacy in America, and its meaning for the loyalty problem, is unhorsed.

Exactly what the contribution of the political theorist will be remains to be seen. Schaar's book, alas, cannot be taken as an installment in that payment.

EDWARD SHILS, professor of social sciences at the University of Chicago, explains in the foreword of his book, *The Torment of Secrecy* (1956, The Free Press, $4.00), that he first wrote it "in the heat of the struggle, as a broadside against the depredations of Senators McCarthy and McCarran and the unwholesome forces which they had let loose by their example and encouragement." In the course of preparation, however, the book developed from "a polemic" into an essay "in sociological analysis and political philosophy." This inquiry would consider how the confrontation of a real security problem with certain destructive potentialities in American society produced the excesses of the past decade.

Shils's political philosophy is a blend of Aristotle and Reinhold Niebuhr. Liberal society, he contends, must retain a delicate balance between public and private spheres. This equilibrium is threatened by the perfectionists who care less about equilibrium than they do about pursuing an ideal, at all costs. Both those who seek undiluted "justice and freedom" and those demanding complete "security and loyalty" are oblivious to the fact that pure liberty or pure security is not "for man here below" and attempts to achieve perfection in an "intractable" world only jeopardize the democratic system.

On his sociologist's side, Shils contributes a description of the "populist" tradition in America—the tendency to proclaim the will of the people as supreme over any other standard or institution, and to equate popular will automatically with justice and morality. Born of Jacksonian distrust of aristocracy, this tradition waxed as the problems of industrial regulation and government corruption burgeoned after the Civil War. By the 20th century, populist influence had established "muckraking" as the proper way to probe into governmental policy and the activities of private groups involved in public questions. Particularly, the populists wanted to penetrate the secret "conspiracies" which they saw as forever thwarting the people's will—the British Foreign Office, Jews, international bankers, Roman Catholics, and the like.

It was against this tendency in American political life that events of the 1940's exploded—dreams of peace shattered, an "insoluble" conflict presented, "insecure" secrets to be kept, and a Communist conspiracy of real proportions uncovered. The response, Shils notes, was an irresistible demand for populistic punishment of the wicked and unending publicity to safeguard security. This "disequilibrium" was accentuated by two additional factors—deep-seated anti-pluralist attitudes in American life such

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as xenophobia, fundamentalism, and isolationism, and a special "strain of politics" under which the American legislator operates, impelling him to lash out at those who do not share populist virtues. The resulting "deformation of civility" overrode all of the equilibrium-providing factors in American society: the rule of law, separation of powers, freedom of political discourse, the autonomy of science, and freedom of association.

When he applies this framework to the events of 1947-54, Shils contributes a shower of incisive observations. There is a sociology of alarmist politics, he notes, a "circular process of mutual stimulation" in which Senator McCarthy, with his "crudely aggressive speech which abounds in terms like 'rat-killing' arouses the dormant anxieties of other persons" such as those who "imagine Bolsheviks under their beds" and "the Pope in the White House." This "ideological syndrome" stirs to frantic action a segment of the population which is usually withdrawn from political life, a radical, anti-pluralist fringe.

SHILS is far better in his role as sociologist, it seems to me, than as political observer. At least, the political questions are constantly left blurred by the use of fuzzy terms to cover too large a set of considerations. For example, the "secrecy" Shils discusses is used sometimes to refer to the complexities of the bureaucracy, sometimes to the operations of radical conspiracies, sometimes the governmental secrets of the cold war, and sometimes the unconventional behavior of deviant but essentially loyal groups. Each of these torments the populist who wants to expose all. If the idea of "secrecy" had been discarded, and the "private" and "public" sphere analysis had been applied more carefully, greater clarity would surely have emerged. Again, Shils alternates between policy values and institutional values without indicating that he understands the difference involved. He argues, for example, that Congress's failure to legislate a comprehensive loyalty program was a vice, since it left matters to fragmentary legislation and never gave the program "the dignity of law." Yet an institutional analysis might lead one to believe, as Hyman does, that the Executive Branch rather than Congress should set standards and administer the program.

It is the basic use of the "populist" analysis which I find the most interesting, yet the most debatable in some aspects. Shils, along with Peter Viereck, Richard Hofstader, and many of the contributors to the symposium, *The New American Right* (Criterion, 1955), identify McCarthyism as part of the nativist strain and point to the fact that many of the groups which went populist in 1890, 1920, and 1950 were from the same ethnic stock, were isolationists, xenophobes, and the like.

What I find troubling is the suggestion that the McCarthyites are the *heirs* of the Populist and Progressive movements. I think this extracts one segment of the populist-progressive tradition and ignores the rest. The populist-progressives were a response to the pressures of industrialization; their farmer-labor and later middle-class adherents had a programmatic approach which first championed many of the social reforms which Shils would consider essential to our present equilibrium. The protest groups between 1870 and the 1930's were a complex coalition of groups and policies—some of the adherents cared basically about corn and hog prices, others about political purification of the cities, others about Wall Street influence. Part of the movement was aiming for social repair and part for social utopias.

The McCarthyites, with their single issue of anti-Communism and their unconcern for social and economic issues, should not be equated with the populist-progressive strain. McCarthy inherited that segment of the populist-progressive tradition that was only indecisively committed to liberal, pluralistic values, and the rise against McCarthy in Wisconsin points to the opposition. Instead of McCarthy, the best heir of this tradition was the late non-McCarthyite Senator William Langer of North Dakota, whose isolationism and anti-

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Easternism were mixed with a steady record of defense for free speech and due process, in the manner of John P. Altgeld, Lyman Trumbull, Robert LaFollette, and George Norris.

For all these minor queries, I think that Shils's book is the most revealing discussion yet to appear of the political sociology of popular restraints placed on American civil liberties. Unlike commentators who meet problems of degree and of balance by intoning, "As the First Amendment so well put it. . . ." Shils understands the fitful struggle for ordered liberty in a free nation blessed, and troubled, by the majority rule of human beings. While he prasies the British too much, perhaps, and seems uncomfortable with the egalitarian rough and tumble of American politics, his call for a restored equilibrium is a wise prescription, although how such an equilibrium is (and, in fact, *was*) achieved is a question Shils does not fully answer.

LOYALTY AND SECURITY: Employment Tests in the United States (Yale University Press, $6.00) is a comprehensive account of contemporary loyalty programs by Professor Ralph S. Brown, Jr. of Yale Law School. Every facet of loyalty testing is thoroughly described in his volume—Federal and state programs, military programs, industrial security systems, and university programs. All of the issues intertwined with loyalty tests are also explored: from blacklists and use of the Fifth Amendment to the question of Communist membership in the university and the right to confront accusers in loyalty hearings. Brown's treatment brings to mind Justice Holmes's remark that the life of the law is experience, not logic. While no one can accuse Brown of poor logic, the special quality of his book is its definitive review of our experience under loyalty programs since 1945. He has collected probably every published fact (and some unpublished ones), every article, and every meaningful news report on loyalty tests, a feat of exhaustiveness which might have meant only exhaustion for the reader. Happily, Brown uses his mountain of data primarily in his footnotes or as illustrative anecdotes, thus providing depth without width, engaging the general reader while marshaling every key reference for the specialist.

How well one perceives "experience" is obviously as important as how much one collects. On this score, I think Brown's legal training and his specialization in administrative law have served him well. Both law and administrative practice are dissected here with the practiced hand of someone who can afford to simplify because he understands. Whether he is catching up zealous authors on overextensions of Supreme Court precedents, or painfully compiling an estimate of the coverage of loyalty programs, or explaining to the layman why no hearing can be adequate without confrontation between the accused and his accuser, or placing the industrial security program against the larger backdrop of employer-employee legal relations, Brown manages to convey the full complexity of legal and administrative aspects while carrying on an urbane conversation with his readers about the broader policy issues at stake. Experience is thus presented against the background of American law, politics, and ideals, and always in a manner which probes all viewpoints before any single view is put forward by the author.

The most important difference between Brown's book and that of the four authors previously discussed is that Brown concludes with a complete and fully defended set of policy judgments and recommendations about loyalty tests for employment. In a sense, as he says, his whole book is a conclusion, and it is surely true that the paths by which Brown arrives at his recommendations are more meaningful than a bald statement of them. Nevertheless, Brown's two major proposals are worth noting here: first, that loyalty programs should be eliminated entirely, and second, that security programs should be cut back to sensible (e.g., very small) proportions. Just how this could be done is presented in enough detail to serve as the basis for a new Executive

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Order. In my opinion, these proposals come closer than any previously published set of recommendations—surely closer than those of the Association of the Bar of New York City or the President's Commission on Government Security—to providing a prescription for re-integrating internal security needs for government employment into the mainstream of the American constitutional tradition.

I HOPE that this account of what five spokesmen from the academy have had to say about the loyalty issue indicates how much we are learning and how much we still need to know about this phenomenon. The question which cannot be avoided, however, is whether these will be read only by the already convinced, by a set of readers whose ideological positions range only from liberal center to left. President Eisenhower has clearly not read any of them, and since none was presented in fiction form under a title such as *The Disloyal American,* none has made the best-seller lists. Is this simply another instance of liberals losing the battle of politics and winning the battle of the post-mortem volume?

I think the answer may be "not quite." While I do not expect that the next crisis over loyalty which Americans will face will send the populace at large to these books, I think that a literature is growing up on loyalty oaths, procedures, and experience which had no precedent before 1947, and this will filter out into the next public debate over loyalty issues. More important, I think that lessons which are described in the five books under discussion have entered into the political genes of the nation, and the gross mistakes will not easily be repeated. This may be over-optimistic. The capacity of our grandchildren to ignore or misunderstand the central domestic experience of our generation should not be underestimated. But I still believe that something more than another swing of the pendulum took place in 1954, and it is books like those reviewed here which will be carrying the story of our recovery to future generations.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

"Unfeeling Disdain"

To the Editor of Commentary:

The interesting review of my recent book, *From Shakespeare to Existentialism,* by Professor Henry Aiken (October) contains more misrepresentations than I could unscramble in a short letter. But I should like to set the record straight on at least one central point—the one emphasized, perhaps not without irony, in the title: "Nietzschean Hardheartedness."

Mr. Aiken accuses me of "unfeeling disdain for lost souls who hope without hope and have faith in what they themselves admit to be 'absurd' " and of "a Goethean and Nietzschean hardheartedness." Of the ten major figures in the book, only Kierkegaard resembles one of Mr. Aiken's "lost souls"; but the last part of the Kierkegaard chapter and the remarks on page 346 evince, I trust, considerable feeling and admiration for the man, though certainly not for all of his ideas. I neither harbor nor celebrate "unfeeling disdain for lost souls"—or for anybody at all. In Chapter 2, pages 28-31, I argue at length that opposition to a man's position and influence need not entail any disdain for the man. My admiration for Nietzsche depends on my reinterpretation of his thought: if I accepted the popular image of him, I should not admire him.

On Freud, the review represents me as saying almost the opposite of what I said in fact. Far from claiming that he unambiguously opposed all traditional moral precepts and then identifying myself with an immoralism reminiscent of the young Loeb and Loepold, I say: "No man before Freud had given equal substance to one of the most striking sayings in the Gospels . . . : 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone.' . . . Freud made men seek to understand and help where previous ages despised and condemned."

Mr. Aiken also claims that I hold Christianity "responsible" for "the major counter-ideals of otherworldly faith, hope, and charity." There's the rub. On page 4, I ridicule "the absurd assumption that a man who celebrates love must have been a Christian." Throughout, I insist that Christianity has no monopoly on the high valuation of love; and to make doubly sure that I should not be misunderstood on so fundamental a point, I concluded my brief Preface: "I agree with Paul that love is more important than faith and hope; but so are honesty, integrity, and moral courage. The world needs less faith and more love and nobility."

The review misrepresents me in many other ways, too, even to the point of making it appear that I said what in fact I merely quoted Hegel as having said. But the main point is that the review assumes that a man who criticizes Christianity and admires Nietzsche must excoriate charity and champion "unfeeling disdain." It was in part against this preconception that my book was written.

Walter Kaufmann

Princeton, New Jersey

Mr. Aiken *writes:*

Professor Kaufmann's letter places us both in a somewhat farcical situation. For I am bound to say that it is, for the most part, either a farrago of irrelevancies and *non sequiturs* or else one of the weirdest examples of misrepresentation which I, in turn, have ever witnessed. In any case, I plainly did not mean my ill-fated comment about his "unfeeling disdain" to be construed as a personal remark; I was talking only, as it were, about the *persona* whose attitudes and beliefs are exemplified in the book. And if I needed an example for so essential a literary convention, Mr. Kaufmann's book, the vigor of whose polemical style surpasses my own poor effort, would certainly supply it. In speaking of "lost souls," moreover, I did not remotely have in mind the major figures discussed in Mr. Kaufmann's book; nor did I intimate that his disdain was directed, save possibly *per accidens,* at any of them. My remark was merely a summary restatement of criticisms of the views about tragedy which I made in some detail in paragraphs 2, 3, and 4 of my review. As such I see no reason to regard it as a misrepresentation. Again, I never suggested that Mr. Kaufmann's admiration for Nietzsche does not depend upon his own interpretation of Nietzsche's thought; on the contrary, I was quite explicit in saying that it was his reconstructed Nietzsche whom I did not find to my taste. On the other hand, this does not mean, as my review also makes clear,

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that I have no admiration for Nietzsche. Mr. Kaufmann concludes by saying that my "review assumes that a man who criticizes Christianity and admires Nietzsche must excoriate charity and champion 'unfeeling disdain.'" This absurd statement, I am sorry to say, is not uncharacteristic of the style of the book itself. It may even suggest to an impartial reader how, after nearly four hundred pages of this sort of thing, I gradually acquired the impression that Kaufmann's book was, among other things, a not too well-organized or well-concealed witchhunt. And in saying this, I certainly do not, and did not, speak as a friend (or foe) of Christianity.

He claims that I completely misrepresent his views about Freud. Well, does he or does he not say in summary that "After Freud moral judgments become altogether questionable . . ." and that "Freud suggests that to have a healthy soul *is* to be ethical. . . . In fact, the moral codes are symptoms of imperfect health and self-deception"? And does he not also claim that Freud, radically differing in this respect from Socrates and Jesus, is anticipated by Nietzsche who says that "Morality is . . . mere symptomatology"? Does it not perhaps occur to Mr. Kaufmann that it was to such passages as these that I was referring when I suggested, in the form of a question that, contrary to Mr. Kaufmann, I did not think that Freud was unambiguously opposed to all *traditional* moral codes and precepts? I am afraid that, henceforth, if Mr. Kaufmann does not wish to have the inward morning of his intention misconstrued, he must learn to write in a more qualified and guarded way. I, at any rate, simply took him at his word.

Russian Radicals and Jews

To the Editor of Commentary:

In his review (October) of *The Zionist Idea,* edited by Arthur Hertzberg, Milton Himmelfarb traces the origin of the nationalism of many Russian Jews to two events: (1) ". . . the silence or approval or even participation of enlightened and educated Russians, including Populists" with regard to "the pogroms that followed Alexander II's assassination," and (2) the fact that "much of the same sort of thing happened after the Kishinev pogrom in 1903, which many Russian radicals welcomed as a wholesome sign that the peasants were at last expressing their discontent in action."

Now the fact is that in 1882, after the execution of the outstanding representatives of the "People's Will," some members of that party actually thought that the masses, once aroused against the Jews, would go further and turn their fury against their Czarist masters as well. *But it is not correct to say that the same thing happened twenty years later, after the Kishinev pogrom.* I have followed Russian revolutionary publications since 1901 and nowhere did I ever find a trace of approval of pogroms on the part of any revolutionary group —whether Marxist, Populist, or Anarchist. Some workers, barely touched by radical propaganda, might have participated for the sake of loot, but this was never approved by the educated radical elements.

There were, no doubt, revolutionists of the greatest renown, such as Marx and Bakunin, who occasionally made remarks about the Jews of which their followers are now ashamed, but this had nothing to do with the specific fact of the Kishinev pogrom.

Max Nomad

New York City

Yom Kippur Mahzor

To the Editor of Commentary:

I read with great interest Dr. David Baumgardt's article "Yom Kippur and the Jew of Today," in your October issue, in which he attempts to discover some new meaning in the Day of Atonement ritual. It is an interesting philosophical religious analysis. . . .

However, Dr. Baumgardt mentions "in utmost contrast to such purposeless drifting, the martyrologies of the Minhah Selihoth point to the examples of the great Jewish martyrs of all times, who preferred the most cruel death to the desertion of their faith," and then proceeds to quote excerpts from the martyrology of Rabbis Akiba, Israel, and Hananya. I am in a quandary as to which edition of the Mahzor Dr. Baumgardt refers to. . . . Checking a few editions of the Mahzor, I was unable to come across any martyrology in the Minhah service, but only in the Musaf service, in the "Ehleh Ezkarah" prayer. To which edition of the Mahzor does Dr. Baumgardt refer?

A second small point: Dr. Baumgardt in quoting "Rabbi Teradyon ben Hananya was thrown onto a heap of branches" inverted the order of the names; it is, of course, Rabbi Hananya ben Teradyon.

In his discussion of the Musaf service, I feel that Dr. Baumgardt should have included two significant and majestic prayers. One is the "Hineni" prayer of an unknown authorship chanted by the Cantor as an introduction to Musaf, in which he petitions the Lord to accept his prayer on behalf of the congregation. The second is the soul-stirring prayer of the saintly Rabbi Amnon, "Unsane Tokef"

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which bespeaks the signal moment of Yom Kippur, the mortal sheep passing before the Divine Shepherd in judgment.

[Rabbi] HARRY J. NUSSENBAUM
New York City

DR. BAUMGARDT *writes:*

It seems to me that nothing is easier than to alleviate Rabbi Nussenbaum's apprehensions. I intentionally omitted reference to "Unsane Tokef" because this prayer is not to be found in the Yom Kippur Mahzor alone but also in the Rosh Hashanah liturgy; and the same applies to the "Hineni" prayer. How many other devotional pieces would have had to be included, had I not limited myself to the Yom Kippur Mahzor exclusively!

The name of the father-in-law of Rabbi Meir is, of course, Hananya ben Teradyon, as a look into any Mahzor and into the Pirke Abot 3:2 reveals. The inverted order of the name was a typographical error unfortunately not caught in the proofreading.

As to the martyrologies, Rabbi Nussenbaum is entirely mistaken in assuming that they are nowhere to be found in the Minhah service. The best old critical edition of our Mahzorim by Wolf Heidenheim—which has been reissued since 1800 in countless copies in Central Europe for more than a century in Roedelheim and Frankfort on the Main—places the martyrologies in the Minhah and not in the Musaf service (see e.g. edition of 1915, p. 307).

Democracy's Standards

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Professor David Spitz's fear of the restrictions of political liberty—in his article, "Freedom, Virtue, and the New Scholasticism," (October)—is a valuable antidote to tyrannical excesses that may arise, even in a democracy, under such guises as McCarthyism; his dread of government by the few is well founded both theoretically and historically; and he speaks well when he indicates that liberty of ruler as well as that of the ruled must be kept within proper bounds. But one wonders whether a sufficiently sound basis for human behavior is found in the principle that one liberty restricts another. Are traffic regulations established because men generally value freedom of pedestrians to cross streets above the driver's freedom? Or are these statutes practical demonstrations of legislators' convictions that man has a right to life and physical integrity that cannot be jeopardized without grave cause? It is truly important that our society establish and protect democratic processes so that injustice may be rectified. But it seems impossible for judges and legislators to distinguish justice from injustice even tentatively without some sort of standards. Is not "the machinery to correct these injustices" an empty form if there are no criteria for justice? Does not the social and political character of man require that he strive, albeit with great effort and many failures, toward the rules of right conduct? Must he not attempt to abide by the principles, though difficult of discovery and application, that will help to identify the rights and their correlative duties that make social and political existence a possibility?

JAMES P. HENRY
Fortville, Indiana

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Why does Mr. Spitz in his article say that Leo Strauss "rejects God"?

MILTON HIMMELFARB
New York City

PROFESSOR SPITZ *writes:*

With respect to *personal* conduct Mr. Henry's point is unexceptionable. Men require standards if they are to order their desires into a rational hierarchy and decide on an appropriate course of action in particular circumstances. But the *political* problem is complicated by certain inconvenient facts. For one thing, men differ as to what those standards are and consequently on what liberties are to be allowed. For another, the exercise of one liberty often operates as a restraint on the exercise of a counter-liberty, so that all liberties cannot be legally sanctioned at the same time. What I argued in my article is that the principle of democracy provides *both* a standard and a sensible way of negotiating conflicts that emerge from such inconvenient facts, and in particular that the First Amendment as it appears in the Constitution and not as Professor Berns would rewrite it, provides the standard to which public officials must adhere.

As to Mr. Himmelfarb's question: quite simply, because Strauss subordinates theology to philosophy. He recognizes, of course, that theology has been historically important and politically useful; but he holds it to be philosophically irrelevant, that is, untrue. In his view, philosophy and theology cannot be harmonized or synthesized in any ultimate sense; one must be servant and the other master. And nowhere in his work is there any suggestion that philosophy can be the handmaiden of theology; instead, there is abundant evidence that philosophy is the autonomous or master discipline. Strauss always appeals to nature, or to the classical idea of natural right, never to divine revelation or God.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

REFINEMENT AND VULGARITY*

LIONEL ABEL

Robert Penn Warren is generally regarded as a novelist of stature, for he is thought to combine high spiritual concern for moral problems with a craftsman's approach to the problems of his art. This estimate, which I must confess to having shared with other critics, simply cannot survive a reading of Warren's latest novel, *The Cave*. The new book suggests that certain failings and coarsenesses in Warren's earlier works were rather more important, and more indicative of his real character, than had been thought. *The Cave,* to speak plainly, is clumsily constructed, trashily highfalutin, psychologically boorish, witlessly pornographic.

What about Warren's earlier works? In 1946 he published *All the King's Men,* for which he won the Pulitzer prize. Everybody has by now read it or seen the movie made of it. *All the King's Men* was a book of size and scope; it had a significant theme, maybe a hundred well-written pages, one real character—maybe two—and finally, most important of all, a single refined idea. The idea to which I refer is the one in terms of which Warren explained the psychology and success of the Southern politician in his novel, a character modeled on Huey Long. Warren's politician succeeded because he had a low conception of men, and his low view of men was explained as owing to his Presbyterian upbringing. Having been taught that "man is born for trouble as the sparks fly upward," he knew that there was no man without a blemish no matter how fair his reputation, that each individual has something to conceal, and that by discovering what others concealed it was easy to tyrannize over them. He had read the Bible as a textbook in villainy, and this was the source of his power.

Now whether or not one thinks this idea psychologically necessary to account either for Huey Long himself or the character Robert Penn Warren modeled on him, undeniably it is an interesting notion, and I think it won for the author his reputation as a writer of class. Yet even in *All the King's Men,* recognized to be Warren's most important book, there was much of Hollywood before the novel got there. Certainly the plot was melodramatic, and I remember feeling, even as I admired some of the writing, that the descriptions seemed set pieces not really necessary to the story, suggesting an author who was some virtuoso of English composition classes. After *All the King's Men* came *World Enough and Time* (1950) for which Warren won no new acclaim.

The next work of his to attract general attention was the serious, long narrative poem, *Brother to Dragons* (1953), which was certainly talented, fairly well constructed, psychologically not without interest—and centered on an idea which can only be called vulgar. What Robert Penn Warren did in *Brother to Dragons* was to make the ghost of Thomas Jefferson express condemnation of and hatred for all the values of the Enlightenment, values which formed Jefferson's character, and which, in turn, his character made exquisite. Perhaps only an American could be capable of such insensitivity to historical fact. I cannot conceive of any English writer presenting the ghost of Samuel Johnson as the contradictor of the actual Johnson's views. Nor can I imagine a Frenchman with the cheek to make the ghost of Voltaire speak against reason or for the church. Historical insensitivity becomes metaphysical vulgarity. To make the dead change their beliefs is to imply they never lived them.

Not that Warren has neglected to think about matters metaphysical. *The Cave* begins

*A review of *The Cave,* by Robert Penn Warren, Random House, 403 pp., $4.95.

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with an epigraph from that most refined of all metaphysicians, Plato: "You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners. Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave."

Francis Cornford, who translated *The Republic*—from which this passage comes, of course—has remarked that "A modern Plato would compare his Cave to an underground cinema, where the audience watch the play of shadows thrown by the film passing before a light at their backs." That is, a modern Plato would have used the image of the film in projecting his myth of the cave. Now Robert Penn Warren's metaphysical insight amounts to this: he has made of his *Cave* a film, a "good" Hollywood film in the worst sense of that term, one of those unbearable films in which to a disjointed and uninteresting plot are added tags from Ibsen, Dostoevsky, or Freud.

HERE is the scenario: A young man, Jasper Harrick, a hero of the Korean war, has fallen into a cave in Tennessee and is being searched for by the community. An acquaintance of his, not a true friend, one Isaac Sumpter—who, because of his name Isaac, or certain unpleasant characteristics, is often taken for a Jew, and, in fact, is called "Ikie Baby" by his girl friend, Goldie Goldstein—volunteers to enter the cave and find the trapped Jasper Harrick. Isaac Sumpter does not get to Jasper. He lacks the courage to venture far enough down past the fourth chamber of the cave. Instead he comes back out, announces that he has reached Jasper, that the latter is now dead, and that his last words expressed love for a young girl in the community whom he had impregnated, his last words being: "Tell Jo to kiss the baby for me." But Isaac's father, MacCarland Sumpter, a Baptist minister, suspects that his son has lied. He therefore goes into the cave himself, finds Jasper Harrick (who is by now quite dead), and returns to announce to the assembled crowd that Jasper had *not* said he had impregnated Jo. (In actual fact, Jasper's younger brother was the culprit.) In denying his son's story the father is in some sense—not a sense I or the reader, I hope, would consider sensible—behaving like old Abraham to Isaac when the hero of faith decided to sacrifice his only child for the sake of God. When MacCarland Sumpter reveals to Isaac Sumpter that he knows the true facts, Isaac asks with "harsh indifference":

" 'What are you going to do?'

" 'I don't know,' the man said.

"The boy looked at him another moment, then stepped closer, leaning. 'You got your knife, haven't you,' he demanded, 'Father Abraham?'

"The old man's head was moving with an infinitesimal motion, from side to side.

" 'I'm waiting,' the boy said.

"He waited. . . ."

That the reference to Abraham was not just thrown in to give us the thrill of a Kierkegaardian tag, but was meant seriously by the author, is shown by the following resolution of this peculiar father-son relationship: MacCarland Sumpter has not revealed to the waiting crowd that his son Isaac did not reach Jasper Harrick, and, ridden by his own feelings of guilt, the old man indicates to his son that he never will reveal the incriminating facts. But his promise not to destroy his son socially is interpreted by the son as a "real" (metaphysical?) execution. Here are Isaac Sumpter's final thoughts after he has taken leave of his father:

"The old fool had saved him. The old fool had done that and he could never escape that fact. That fact was like a knife blade plunged between your shoulder blades, and you take a step away, and another, and another, waiting to fall."

But there are even more profound things to come, for Jack Harrick, the father of the dead Jasper, has been hoping his son would not emerge from the hole in the ground into which he fell. Why? Very simply because Jack Harrick has cancer, and has been living for some time in the fear that he himself will be put in a hole in the ground. Why should his son be better installed? Such an attitude toward his own son cannot go without very deep feelings of guilt. To be sure, Jack Harrick has no monopoly on deep feelings of guilt. MacCarland Sumpter, as we already know, has plenty of deep feelings of his own. For he, too, wanted Jasper Harrick to remain buried in the cave. Why? Because of his jealousy of Jasper's father, Jack Harrick, who had slept with Sumpter's wife before he, Sumpter, married her. The offspring miscarried and Sumpter rejoiced. Naturally, MacCarland Sumpter is not a man to have a deep feeling of sin and not confess it. He comes to Jack Harrick, who would rather not see him for fear of the scene which is

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certain to ensue. I felt a certain sympathy for Harrick at this point. He feared the scene would be a terrible one. I knew it would be terribly written. Here are some excerpts:

" 'Listen,' MacCarland Sumpter said, 'and spit on me. Here is how I compounded my guilt. I arranged things in the cave so it would seem that my son had been there. Did you hear what I said?'

"He waited.

" 'Say something,' he said.

"Then: 'All right. Listen. And then you will do it.'

"He came closer, leaning a little. 'I will tell you. Long ago, I saw a son of your seed—a bloody nothin', a piece of something like a dime's worth of cat meat from the butcher shop. That son of yours had come from the body of Mary Tillyard, my wife, and my heart leaped for joy that it was dead. But I denied that joy. Even in that moment, I denied it, in God's name and my vanity of virtue. But tonight—'

"He leaned closer. 'Spit on me,' he said.

"Jack Harrick, not turning, said: 'No.'

" 'Spit on me, so I can live.' "

One's antipathy to this sort of writing is due not alone to its moral flatness, but also to its psychological and literary falseness. A man may very well have the feelings of MacCarland Sumpter; it is the absence of any other feelings not strictly necessary to the scene which makes the minister's words so fatuous in a situation where he is supposed to be expressing what is deepest in him. The mark of a true novelist is in being able to make the reader aware of all the facts relevant to the character simultaneously. This is something Faulkner does consummately. It is something Robert Penn Warren cannot do at all. To compare Warren with Faulkner is to show dislike for literature.

So MUCH for *The Cave's* clumsy construction and trashy highfalutiness. Another count I have against it is its psychological boorishness. I know no better term to cover writing of this sort: "Mr. Timothy Bingham, chief stockholder, president, and cashier of the People's Security Bank of Johnston, Tennessee, wore pince-nez glasses rather than plain steel rims, which he would have preferred, because his wife, between whose legs he had not managed to get in five years, thought pince-nez more refined and suited to his position and hers."

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Now it seems boorish to me for the author to insist on such intimate acquaintanceship with someone about whom, as it turns out, he knows very little, and we know not enough. There were many things I would have liked to find out about Mr. Bingham in preference to being told how long a time had passed since he was between his wife's legs, but these things I did not find out in reading *The Cave*.

But, in fact, Robert Penn Warren is guilty of impoliteness toward all his characters, not just toward Mr. Bingham. What else are we to say of a writer who has a distinctly bad impression of his own characters without even being able to convince us that he has a distinct impression of them? I know that, dramatically considered, believable motives are generally bad motives, and it is very difficult to make a good or exemplary character credible. But for the author to gain, did his characters have to lose? Mrs. Harrick wants her husband to die, Jack Harrick wants his son to die, MacCarland Sumpter also wants Jack Harrick's son to die, Isaac Sumpter wants his friend Jasper Harrick to die. Really! isn't this too much? Nor has Warren, after all, gained anything. The motives may be bad enough to ring true, but the characters still don't.

Witless pornography is an extra kind of impoliteness. There is one kind of knowledge of his characters which Warren, being their author, can pretend to have, namely, knowledge of their genitalia. And so we are informed throughout about almost every personage's sexual organs, desires, satisfactions, and failures to be satisfied. This is not very witty, nor is it pornographic in the genuine sense, since the aim is clearly to give an impression of the profoundest knowledge—not delight in sex. From a literary point of view, this is surely "old hat"; the low style is now a common vogue, but many people are better at it than Robert Penn Warren. His pornography could not excite anyone to anything but literary indignation, having neither the meaning of a protest against puritanism nor of pleasure in sensuality.

It may be asked: how did the writer Robert Penn Warren shows himself to be in *The Cave* ever come up with the one refined idea which gave to *All the King's Men* its intellectual distinction? This question cannot be answered, nor does it have to be. Joyce says in *Ulysses* that great men do not make mistakes, and that what seem to be their mistakes are, in fact, the portals to their discoveries. Conversely, it might be said that men of lesser stature often prove unworthy of their best inspirations, which then become the portals to error. I will not venture to say that Warren's one refined idea in *All the King's Men* was the portal to his present vulgarity. Certainly it should not help him escape the publicly uttered dispraise which I think he merits.

A 1st-Century Sage

THE LAST PHARISEE: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF RABBI JOSHUA BEN HANANYAH. By JOSHUA PODRO. Vallentine, Mitchell (London). 128 pp. 16 shillings.

Reviewed by NAHUM N. GLATZER

How did Judaism manage to survive after the fall of Jerusalem and the destruction of the Second Temple? From what sources did it derive strength to create new forms of meaningful Jewish existence in a world dominated by imperial Rome? Among the several answers that have been suggested to this still fascinating historical problem, the one with perhaps most appeal to the modern reader emphasizes the role of a strong central personality.

Joshua Podro considers the 1st-century rabbi Joshua ben Hananyah (whom he rather fancifully designates as "the last Pharisee") to have been the man who provided the necessary leadership in this crucial period. Out of numerous sayings, observations, reports, and later legendary accounts, spread over the vast expanse of Talmudic literature, Mr. Podro has attempted a reconstruction of the life and times of his hero. There is movement and drama in the story, and there are enough well-known contemporaries—Gentile rulers and Jewish sages—to provide a vivid background. We learn of Patriarch Gamaliel's attempts to suppress Joshua's dissenting teachings and enforce unity of scholarly opinion; of Joshua's journey to Rome to avert a threatened persecution of Jews; of a Roman plan to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem; and of Joshua's valiant opposition to legislation that tended to isolate Israel from the surrounding Gentile world.

Yet the common standards of historical scholarship had to be relaxed in order to present Joshua as a central figure of his time. Mr. Podro's suggestion (which others have also made) of a meeting in Rome between Joshua

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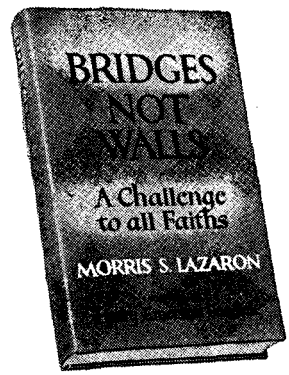

-- HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

A liberal religionist has written a book to help Christians and Jews understand each other better by facing up squarely to the issues that divide them. A bold and inspiring book that does not spare the prejudices of Protestant, Catholic, or Jew in its examination of how Americans can bridge the barriers that obstruct true brotherhood. The author was for 35 years the Rabbi of the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation.

BRIDGES NOT WALLS by MORRIS S. LAZARON

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and Flavius Josephus cannot be verified; a Roman plan to reconstruct the temple in Joshua's time is based on a flimsy conjecture; and the records of the debate concerning the possible dangers of the contract with Gentile society contain no reference to Joshua's participation—though it was the School of Hillel, to which Joshua belonged, which objected to the isolationist measures. Mr. Podro makes liberal use of such phrases as "almost certainly" and "may have been" to protect himself, but there is too much "perhapsing" and "may-being" to establish his book, finally, as a reliable biographical account.

Besides, Joshua's worldly accomplishments seem overemphasized. The author claims he was "a competent Greek scholar," "conversant with several languages," and "'an astronomer" —all of which makes sense only if reduced to size. Nor does Joshua's broadminded humaneness make him "the great representative of a universalist Judaism . . . in which room could be found for all humanity." Rather, his liberal tendencies gain significance only if they are viewed against the background of Israel's religious separateness, and its gradual withdrawal from active participation in world history—a trend Joshua did not alter.

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Even if we were to accept most of Mr. Podro's claims as correct, at no point did Joshua stand alone. More than a modern reader might expect, he was a member of his school—a disciple of his master and a master of the following generation of sages. The academy, the community of scholars, whose attitudes, activities, and teachings formed a closely knit unit, was the force which was working toward a reconstruction and preservation of Torah. Even the great individual master, even a non-conformist like Joshua, was a member of the school. Mr. Podro is aware of this and quotes profusely from Hillel, Johanan ben Zakkai, and Akiba; but his preconceived aim stands in the way of an objective use of his material.

And what about the great question, so admirably expressed in Robert Graves's foreword, the question of how Israel maintained its existence in a world from which it grew more and more estranged as the generations succeeded each other? Some will find the explanation in the socio-economic conditions of late antiquity and of medieval society. Others will find their answer in the pages of the Talmud, where the wise men of many generations meet in a common task—patiently to penetrate the meaning of the Word entrusted to human care. Among the men engaged in such pursuit was Rabbi Joshua ben Hananyah.

Russia's Great Tradition

ROAD TO REVOLUTION. By AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY. Macmillan. 369 pp. $5.95.

Reviewed by KATHRYN FEUER

THE Slavonic Reading Room of the New York Public Library is for its habitués a special and fondly esteemed place. In its humanizing atmosphere of yellowed journals and worn briefcases, of galoshes and formidable leather-bound volumes, many a young graduate student has discovered that despite his Foundation grant, his patent on knowledge of Russia, he is after all only an apprentice to an abundant and varied scholarly community. When working there he experiences the sentiment once ascribed by Saki to Germans in restaurants—a conviction that the books everyone else is being served are much richer, much tastier, than those he himself has ordered. And at the same time there is a sense of vicarious affluence, because of the thousands and thousands more books, documents, journals, just waiting for a call slip, behind the scenes.

For over thirty years, as chief of the Library's Slavonic Division, Avrahm Yarmolinsky built up and presided over this treasure house. That he has used his unique position to great advantage has been evident in many publications, and never more so than in *Road to Revolution*. Drawn from an extraordinary number and variety of sources, the book is a superb history of Russian revolutionary writings and movements, from 1790 into the 1880's. It may also be read as an anthology of dramatic episodes, whose characters and events are too extravagantly spectacular for the tales to be anything but true. It contains also a splendid collection of the minor phenomena of the revolutionary movement—the little daughter of a royal secretary who decorated papa's apartment in the Winter Palace in celebration of the storming of the Bastille and "the freeing of those poor French prisoners"; the verses of California poet Joaquin Miller on Sofya Perovskaya, one of the terrorists who succeeded in killing Czar Alexander II; the views of his students and colleagues on Alexander Pell, dean of the College of Engineering at the University of South Dakota, later professor at the Armour Institute of Technology, formerly Sergey Degayev, a member of the Executive Committee of the terrorist People's Will, a police informer and the assassin of Major Sudeikin who was head of the Czarist Secret Service in St. Petersburg.

There are excellent accounts here of Russian revolutionary literature, of the writings of Radishchev, Bakunin, Herzen, Chernyshevsky, Lavrov, and many more, but primarily this is a brilliant and detailed chronicle of the conspiratorial societies whose aim was the overthrow of Czarism. These had three periods of activity: disillusionment with the increasing reaction of Alexander I's rule led to the formation of the first secret societies in 1816 and 1818, a movement which culminated in the abortive Decembrist uprising of 1825; under the heavy repressions of Nicholas I, cautious stirrings began in the mid-40's, chiefly the Petrashevsky circle, dismembered by arrests in 1849; then in 1857, on the high tide of liberal hopes for reform after the accession of Alexander II, Land and Liberty had its shadowy beginnings. From that year—although member-

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ship was sometimes reduced to a handful—a continuous revolutionary movement existed in Russia till 1917.

It is remarkable how the figure of the Czar looms continually in the forefront of the writings and activities of all these revolutionary groups. The very first conspirators, the Society of the True and Faithful Sons of the Fatherland, faced a dilemma which was to recur for the next hundred years: should the Czar be assassinated or could he be somehow persuaded or forced to enact measures of reform? This preoccupation with the anointed ruler was of course "realistic," for he was an absolute ruler, and yet the intensity and ambivalence of the revolutionaries on the subject strikes a persistently curious note. The Decembrists revived what was to become a flourishing literary genre, one largely abandoned since the religious persecutions of the 17th century, the confessions of guilt and explanations of motive and professions of loyalty addressed by imprisoned men to the Czar who had imprisoned them.

THERE is something distasteful about these documents with their self-abasement, their glorification of the monarch, their willingness to reveal names of co-conspirators. And yet their authors were often brave men of real intellectual power; it would be a mistake simply to dismiss the confessions as craven and self-serving. With the intellectual's typical assumption of a mutually recognized secret bond between him and the highest powers, the revolutionaries worked tirelessly to throw a bomb into the Czar's carriage, to mine his railroad train, to blow up his dining room, to poison his water supply, all the while attempting to persuade him to *understand* them and the justice of their cause. Surely they had much in common here with the faith of the peasant—which they could analyze and deplore—that whatever his sufferings at the hands of landowner, priest, or official, the Czar would protect him if only he knew the truth. In its own way the revolutionaries' belief in regicide testifies to the powerful hold of Czarism on their minds.

Besides the Czar, the other great reality for the revolutionaries—and one almost equally remote—was the peasantry. The *obshchina*—the system of joint land tenure with periodic redistribution among the peasants of a village—had been first exalted by Slavophils in the 1830's as a proof of Russia's difference from the West. In the 1850's Herzen saw it as "the life-giving principle of the Russian people," whose spontaneous equalitarianism and communal self-government would enable Russia to bypass capitalism, industrialism, and the bourgeoisie, and achieve socialism in the foreseeable future. That Herzen—the wisest, the most humane, and the sanest of the radicals—should have espoused and held to this doctrine is strange enough; stranger still was its continuing attraction for future generations of revolutionaries, including those dedicated men and women who went "to the people" and so had firsthand knowledge of the shortcomings and inequities of the communal system; strangest of all was the endorsement which the idea received, in the 1880's, in some posthumously published writings of Karl Marx. Although the

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Social Democrats, led by Plekhanov, were staunchly in opposition (it was a case, as Yarmolinsky puts it, of "Marx against the Russian Marxists"), the doctrine of the Russian peasant's inborn collectivism was never really expunged from the Russian revolutionary consciousness. After 1917, after most of its adherents had been silenced, it still lived on; in the 1930's, one hundred years after its first propagation, it achieved a sinister fruition.

The Uniqueness of a Rebel

ANATOMY OF A MORAL. THE POLITICAL ESSAYS OF MILOVAN DJILAS. Praeger. 181 pp. $2.95.

Reviewed by HUGH SETON-WATSON

THIS volume contains translations of the articles written by Milovan Djilas in the last months of 1953 in the official newspaper of the Yugoslav League of Communists, *Borba,* of which he was then the director. In them can be traced the development of his ideas from the critical analysis of the Soviet system to the conclusion that dictatorship by a Communist party (even the Yugoslav party) is incompatible with socialist progress. The essay which gives its name to the book, and is longer than the others, appeared in the review *Nova Misao,* also edited by Djilas. It was a savage attack on the new snobbery and respectability of the Communist upper caste, and especially of their wives, and was based on the case of the young actress wife of a Communist general who was boycotted and insulted by the wives of his colleagues. This essay, written in an immoderate style which does not entirely come across in translation, brought the rage of the party bureaucrats, already annoyed by Djilas's political articles, to the boil, and compelled Tito to call the special meeting of the Central Committee in January 1954 which expelled Djilas from its ranks and deprived him of his public offices. These articles are preceded by a twenty-page Introduction by Abraham Rothberg, the editor of the book, which usefully describes the background and gives an account of the 1954 Central Committee meeting.

Djilas is an outstanding example of a social group that has played, and will continue to play, a leading part in the politics of the 20th century—the revolutionary intelligentsia of an underdeveloped society. The cadres of Tito's Army of Liberation of 1941-44 were largely composed of former students of the Yugoslav universities (especially of Belgrade) who in their student days had acquired that combination of *Narodnik* outlook and Marxist doctrine which brought them into the underground Communist party. Many came from the mountainous provinces of the South and Center—Bosnia, Montenegro, and Dalmatia—in which most of the fighting against the occupying forces and their allies took place, and which were the home of as "underdeveloped" a society as could be found in the whole Mediterranean Basin. Of the Communist leaders who survived the war, Djilas was the clearest type of the revolutionary intellectual. He was always interested in ideas, but this did not make him an unpractical dreamer: he could be as ruthless as any of his colleagues, and those Westerners who had some experience of him in those years found him a harsh and single-minded fanatic. When the war ended he was one of Tito's innermost circle of leaders (though not "the second-ranking Communist in Yugoslavia," for both Kardelj and Rankovic were senior to him in the hierarchy).

The most interesting thing about Djilas is that he chose to challenge the regime at a time when he stood just below the apex of the power elite. Consideration of his own interests would have kept him where he was, as the chief mouthpiece of ideological orthodoxy. But he acted against his interests and according to his convictions. When his reflections, in the years from the breach with the Cominform to the end of 1953, led him to conclude that the party dictatorship no longer served a useful purpose, he did not hesitate to say so.

In this Djilas is unique among all Communist leaders since 1917. The greatest of Communist rebels, Trotsky himself, did not oppose the regime created by the Bolshevik Revolution. In 1923 he disagreed on important issues of policy with the *troika,* and political controversy became still further embittered by personal conflict. The more fiercely Trotsky was persecuted, the more radically he criticized important features of the regime and of its leaders' policies—the bureaucratic organization of the party, "socialism in one country," the whole strategy of the Comintern in China. But he never questioned the necessity of dictatorship by the Bolshevik party over the peoples of the Russian Empire, never upheld freedom of opinion and organization as matters of principle. Djilas's

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proposal, that the party be reduced to a "union of ideologically united men," a debating society which should abandon its monopoly of power and "'wither away' as a classical party," would have been summarily rejected by Trotsky. Djilas saw that concentration of power in one centralized party is bound to deprive of liberty not only the "class enemy" and the people at large, but also the members of the party. He argued that Lenin's methods "were adapted to a specific time . . . the period of preparing for the struggle for power." Once the revolution had triumphed, however, these methods were no longer suitable. "Our progress can proceed in two directions," he wrote in *Borba* on January 4, 1954, "towards a Leninist form of state and party which cannot be democratic today, or towards a renunciation of that form for a more democratic, free and decentralized form of political life and struggle." Trotsky never saw the need to abandon Lenin's party dictatorship. He clamored for "inner-party democracy" without understanding that "dictatorship of the proletariat," "democratic centralism," and prohibition of "fractionalism" made freedom even within the party impossible. This is not to say that Djilas is in general a more profound thinker than was Trotsky, still less that he can compare with him as a stylist. But in the vital matter of political freedom, Djilas is the more perspicacious of the two.

As for the other notable Communist rebels, all have been forced into opposition by the attacks of colleagues or superiors: they have not, like Djilas, chosen to oppose from conviction. Zinoviev and Kamenev broke with Stalin when —too late—they discovered the web of intrigue which he had spun around them. Bukharin became a rebel only after Stalin had decided to abandon the policies in which he believed. Tito resisted such demands from Moscow as conflicted with his conception of Yugoslavia's interests, but in public he loyally supported the Soviet Union until Stalin pronounced anathema upon him. Gomulka was denounced by his colleagues for policies which until that moment had had full approval in Moscow. Nagy only mildly disagreed with Rákosi in the 1940's. Recalled to power in 1953, he carried out policies in which he himself believed but which also had Moscow's blessing. He was dismissed in 1955 because Rákosi exploited the fall of Malenkov to recover power, not because he had disobeyed Moscow's orders. In 1956 Nagy was brought to power again by revolutionary forces over which he had no control. That, when forced to choose between his party and the revolution, he chose the revolution, is to his credit, but it does not make of him a systematic rebel.

Of these men, Trotsky, Tito, Gomulka, and Nagy were the equals of Djilas in courage, and Trotsky was in most respects his intellectual superior. But none understood so clearly the essential political problem, or chose, as Djilas did, gratuitously to sacrifice a position of unchallenged power for a conviction reached by his own reasoning.

Art for the Synagogue

JEWISH CEREMONIAL ART. Edited by STEPHEN S. KAYSER AND GUIDO SCHOENBERGER. Jewish Publication Society of America. 189 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by ALFRED WERNER

AMONG Jewish historians and theologians nowadays one often encounters the notion that the plastic arts were never a particular concern of the Jewish people, and that Judaism traditionally has been opposed to "sensate culture." Art did flourish among the Israelites in antiquity, and the dearth of medieval Jewish art should be ascribed (as Dr. Kayser, the curator of the Jewish Museum, writes in the introduction to this book) to persecutions and wanderings. Nevertheless, uneasiness about the arts can be felt even in the foreword by Louis Finkelstein, president of the Jewish Theological Seminary, which administers the Jewish Museum. (The book is a guide to the Museum's collections.) Dr. Finkelstein observes that "the effort to express love for God through creating beautiful ceremonial objects for His worship and His commandments is as ancient as Judaism itself"; yet he later declares that "the heritage of Jewish art consists mainly of intangibles"—that is to say, literature, music, rituals, and the harmonious life demanded by the Law. He does note that there are "some tangible witnesses to the love for God and His Torah," but this modest statement seems strange in a book which lists, describes, and illustrates more than two hundred ritual objects in the Jewish Museum—several of which, in quality, can bear comparison with the treasures of Church art to be found in the nearby Cloisters.

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These strong puritanic, iconoclastic trends in modern Jewry—relics of ghetto prejudices against images and luxury—may have blocked a serious effort toward an aesthetic appreciation of Jewish religious art, and a proper comparison with the pagan, Christian, and Mohammedan religious art produced by the *kehillah's* contemporaries. Dr. Kayser's introduction, informative and lucidly written, is too short to permit any comparative study. Nor do the notes introducing each chapter (e.g., "Torah Scroll and Ark," "Sabbath," "Passover") or the brief paragraphs describing each item contain much more than historical and iconographic material.

Most of the items in the book come from the baroque era and its rococo successor; if they are more recent, the baroque spirit (with modifications) was retained even after Europe had entered a new period. Ideologically, the Jews were incapable of liking the heaven-directed Gothic style or its metaphysical basis (only in some of the spice-boxes is the favorite turret form a faint reminder of the Middle Ages). They did, however, develop a great affinity for the baroque, which brought "the heavens down into the terrestrial orbit in manifestations of glory and splendor." The baroque, which was both expressionist and naturalistic, exuberant and sometimes flamboyant, was in essence more appealing to the Jews; and it was also during the baroque period that anti-Jewish discrimination began to abate. In fact, baroque implements (generally in horrid, mechanically contrived imitations) continued to be used in the *shul* until quite recently.

Not all of the two-hundred-odd items in this book are aesthetically unchallengeable, even by 18th-century standards. Among the silver pieces, in particular, some are frightfully overdecorated. For the most part, however, we find pleasure again at the sight of these silver pieces with their carefully wrought repoussée work, these elaborately brocaded textiles, these glass cups with minutely drawn illustrations. We enjoy them even though the photographs are very poorly reproduced (halftones printed in offset on uncoated paper). The puritanical spirit at work again; indeed, most Jewish publications seem barely to tolerate pictures.

The same spirit was at work when noses were chipped off the little figures that adorn many of the Chanukah menorahs. By this mutilation, the pious Jew made these three-dimensional figures, all taken from Biblical lore, sufficiently incomplete to render them acceptable to religious demands. But one cannot blame puritanism for the fact that the majority of the pieces here are the work of Gentiles. Jews did a lot of embroidering, and were capable of adorning Torah wrappers or marriage contracts, but for many centuries they were excluded from the goldsmith's guilds. If a Jew needed objects of precious metal for synagogue or home, he had to commission a Christian craftsman. Even so, Dr. Kayser insists, the resulting work should be regarded as a sample of Jewish art—for the Gentile worker was instructed in minute detail.

However, the instructions in many cases dealt with religious demands (e.g., the workman must not work on the Sabbath or High Holidays) rather than aesthetic problems: too often, pieces made for the synagogue greatly resemble items produced for the church, or even for the secular pleasures of Gentile burghers and noblemen. In any event, the pieces reveal that the pre-Emancipation Jew had eyes for beauty and hands to caress objects with an understanding touch. His aesthetic delight was confined to ritual art, but if he did not look at Rubens or Claude Lorrain, he found pleasure in the gold and silver appliqué on a silken Torah curtain. If the sculpture of Bernini or Goujon was unknown to him, he looked, at least, with satisfaction on the silver in his *shul*: the elaborately decorated Torah breastplate, often studded with semi-precious stones (for the tribes of Israel); the Torah pointer, sometimes shaped like a fish out of which stretches a hand holding another hand (as the Torah is likened to the water, the element of the fish); the spice container, with turrets and pennants; the wine cup, decorated with every kind of image; and, of course, the lamps for different festive occasions. A special volume alone might, indeed, be devoted to the countless variations of Chanukah lamps; here twenty-five are listed, and most of them are illustrated as well.

This book must be considered a promising start, rather than a final work on its subject. It is not complete: prayer shawls, Mizrach tablets, alms boxes, Simchas Torah flags, Omer calendars, and many other items used in connection with services in synagogue or home are not included. It is to be hoped that a larger, more adequately illustrated edition will be forthcoming, which should also include the

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little we know about ritual art in the Middle Ages. The absence of 19th-century pieces should be explained to the reader (they are not worth showing, we surmise), and something might be said about the—entirely different—Jewish ceremonial art of our time. The editors of the present volume are well equipped to prepare such an expanded treatment.

More Than a Clever Man

COLLECTED ESSAYS. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. Harper and Brothers. 399 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by MARTIN GREEN

WHEN people told me I was clever to console me when I was growing up, I would add, *sotto voce,* to myself, sourly, "Like Aldous Huxley, I suppose." He somehow summed up the word clever for me, filled it out in more directions than one could imagine, almost than one could believe, and yet did not overflow it. And nobody, I thought, wanted to be like that.

And I have discovered since that he fills this same role, of "the clever man," for lots of other people. It is not only that he knows such a lot, about painting and music, art and nature, statistics and philosophies, mysticism and mescalin. It is not only that he writes about all these things so unfailingly well; the challenging first sentence, the clarity of construction, the richness and precision of the diction, the brilliant pacing of paragraph and essay. The really dazzling thing is that he has felt everything, experienced everything, and can give you a quick run-down on the act of love with a great courtesan, or the opening of a rose at dawn when your best friend died last night.

At the same time one cannot escape, while reading him, the recurrent, quite spontaneous reflection, "This is all *mentally* known, purely *mental;* there should be so much more to life than this." One has a sense, constantly, of running aground, quite grittily, on the conscious analysis and conscious assimilation of whatever experience it may be. This is of course most drastically and damagingly true of his creative writing (he is now the author of forty-five books, including ten novels and six volumes of short stories) but it mars even this collection of essays, which represents him at his best. You get an almost physical sense of power and speed and scope as you pass from "In a Tunisian Oasis" to "Variations on a Baroque Tomb" to "Landscape Painting as a Vision-Inducing Art" to "Drugs that Shape Men's Minds"; forty-seven brilliant pieces of writing, truly intelligent and incredibly well informed. But every other time you turn a page you say, "But it's so limitedly mental."

Why should we feel this so much more with him than we do with, say, his grandfather, T. H. Huxley, or his brother, Julian Huxley, or even Lytton Strachey or Bertrand Russell, people who have limited themselves much more completely? Partly, I suppose, because Aldous has not accepted his limitations, because he has exposed his sensibility to every possible mode of experience. In fact, he has deliberately sought out those modes of experience to dwell on longest which most resist rational assimilation, the religious, the aesthetic, the sexual. And he has done this not with any ambition of extending the empire of pure mind, but rather with the desire to see it defeated and humiliated. D. H. Lawrence once wrote to Richard Aldington that he, Aldington, and Huxley, were alike in that what they both most deeply wanted was to be raped; I think one can see what he meant reflected in this active seeking out of, but passive self-presentation to, self-subjugation to, "experience."

Could one perhaps say, in fuller answer, that he has chosen the philosophies most fatally unadapted to his temperament? He has most

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consistently been, throughout his changing career, an irrationalist. In 1929, "It is life itself; and I, for one, have more confidence in the rightness of life than in that of any individual man, even if the man be Pascal." And in 1956, "For, after all, Love is the last word"; this feeling we have when reading him, that mentality is not enough, that mental experience is not real experience, is an irrationalist's feeling. In other words, it is Huxley himself who is inciting us all the time to that spontaneous and deadly criticism.

It is possible, I suppose, to dismiss this as masochism, as a desire to aggravate his own humiliation. But I wonder if it isn't as much the result of his strength, of a stubborn fidelity to the best as he saw it. He grew up, after all, through the Great War and after, when, especially in England, the life-worshippers were completely routed. From 1880 on, with Whitman, Bergson, Nietzsche, the deification of multifarious, amoral Life had been a powerful international movement; in the pre-1914 novels of E. M. Forster and H. G. Wells, and the acclaim that greeted *Sons and Lovers,* you can see the general expectation of more life, more freedom, more beauty, more passion, more sunlight, for everyone in England. But with 1918 and *Eminent Victorians,* and 1919 and *The Economic Consequences of the Peace,* a much more ironic, self-conscious, selective, "civilized" mode of sensibility took over. A much more limited expectation of happiness, a much less enthusiastic approach to experience; life-worship became unfashionable. Aldous Huxley obviously fitted in, by personal temperament, with that new cynical self-consciousness, but he continued to believe in the earlier, more enthusiastic attitude as the theoretical best.

This comes out most strikingly in his relationship to D. H. Lawrence. "Of most other eminent men I have met I feel that at any rate I belong to the same species as they do. But this man has something different and superior in kind, not degree." His whole essay on Lawrence is not only one of the finest things in the book, it is one of the finest things on Lawrence there is. And not, let us note, primarily for its intellectual power, but for its dignity and generosity and fullness of response. Writing about Lawrence, by people who had known him personally, is almost universally marred, at one level or another, by a quite ugly effort at self-defense, or revenge, or sheer destruction. Huxley almost alone records the impact and challenge with humility, with enthusiasm, with generosity. Not so much with intellectual understanding; what he says of their arguments about science seems to show Lawrence dancing ahead, out of Huxley's reach. But Huxley almost alone gave a moved and moving *human* response to the total human phenomenon.

The others, Bertrand Russell, Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, excluded Lawrence from consideration, because he could not be fitted into the scheme of life which they had constructed for their comfort. Huxley has constructed no such schemes. In consequence, he has known very little comfort. But he has achieved a movingly naked purity, within his limits, and he has moments of a humanity which transcend not only his own limitations but theirs too.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

Lionel Abel writes for many literary magazines. His prize-winning off-Broadway play, *Absalom,* will be published soon by Grove Press.

Nahum N. Glatzer teaches Jewish history at Brandeis. He reviewed *On Jewish Law and Lore,* by Louis Ginzburg, in March 1956.

Kathryn Feuer, a newcomer to these pages, lectures on Russian literature at the University of California in Berkeley.

Hugh Seton-Watson is professor of Russian history at the University of London's School of Slavonic and East European Studies.

Alfred Werner, art historian and critic, last reviewed *Epstein,* photographs by Geoffrey Ireland, in our March 1959 issue.

Martin Green, another new contributor, is an instructor of literature at Wellesley College who has published in *Harper's* and elsewhere.

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